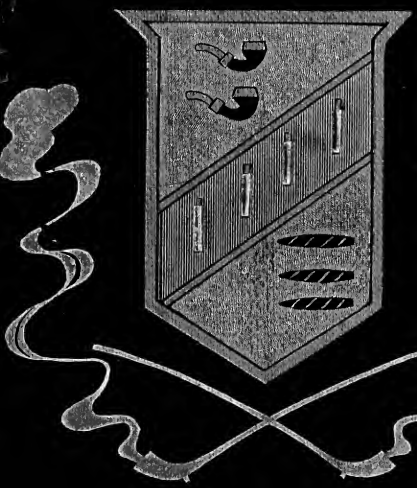
TOBACCO LEAVES



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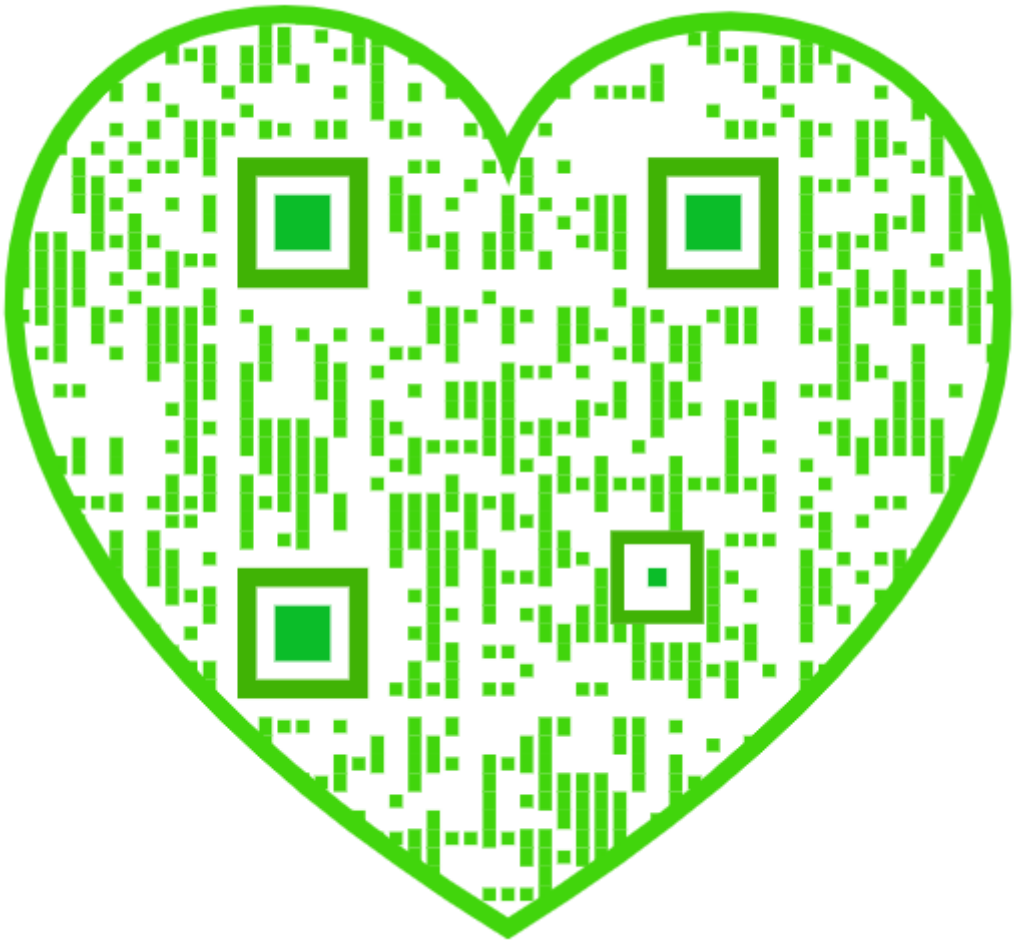
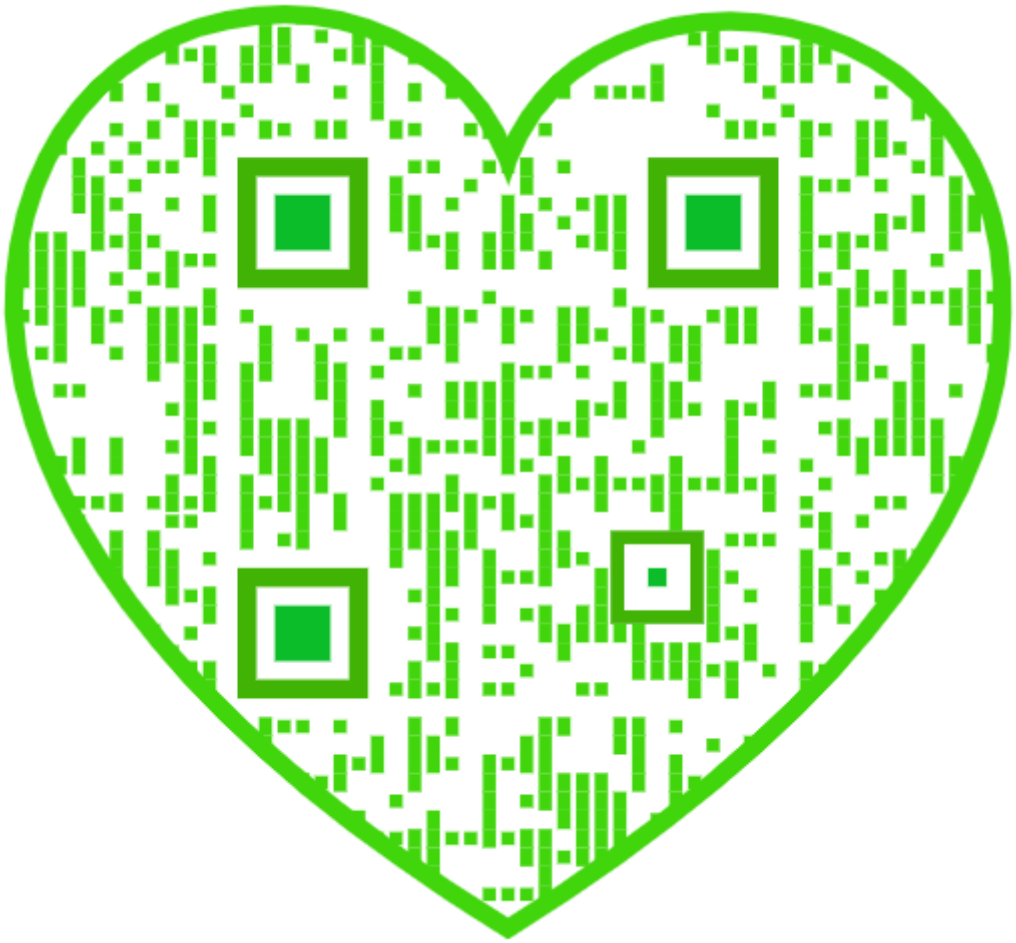
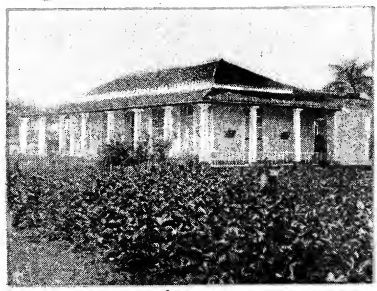




TOBACCO LEAVES

by

John Bain Jr.



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IN

MEMORY OF

Many Smokes

On sea and land —
From corn silk to divine perfectos
In the wood-shed and on promenade decks
To many pipes over the mountains and around the camp-fire

THESE LEAVES ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

INTRODUCTION

Tobacco and its uses have contributed to so many phases of human nature and the social life of centuries, that it is not strange indeed that it should inspire in each new generation of smokers and writers, much new thought in the form of prose and poetry and philosophy.

No other plant has blossomed forth to such good offices. No other plant has stimulated the activities of the world in so many channels. True, it has been and is being prostituted by commercial pirates and tricksters who would debase anything for the dull yellow god of gold. In spite of this, however, tobacco has had for its

associates so many of the master-minds of the world who have spoken and written in its praises, that it is evident to any one that this "great plant," rightly used, is a power for physical, mental, and even moral well-being.

So much of the literature of tobacco has been collected in book form, that the editor of this anthology would feel some misgivings in attempting to bring forth another volume on the subject were it not for the fact that the influence of tobacco and the growth of its cultivation have developed new features and vital relations with our modern civilization. That this deserves consideration (not alone from the lover of tobacco and literature, but also from him who loves to watch the sidelight of the world's progress) I feel confident.

While some of the interesting items discussed in this little book have been touched upon and even considered seriously in the

past, they have been scattered through so many publications, that it makes their accessibility in this volume welcome. In addition to this, many aspects and conditions — curiously related to the above — have since arisen as to render their embodiment by contemporaries in this book, if not original, at least fresh in treatment and in accord with the times.

The other chapters, treating as they do of tobacco topics, of which little has been publicly known, but which have, nevertheless, a bearing upon the whole, it is felt will be found readable and informing.

The Poetry of Smoke, contained in this volume, has been selected with great care, and, so far as can be found, has not to any degree ever appeared between permanent covers before, and very little of it is now " in print " in any current work.

That it deserves as high a place as the

poetry in the companion volume to this, "Tobacco in Song and Story," is assured to its readers by the sentiment it possesses, and the fact that most of it is the product of the pens of graceful and recognized writers who would not sign anything unless it was up to their standard.

TOBACCO LEAVES

THE TOBACCO GARDEN OF THE WORLD

One hundred miles as the crow flies southwest from Havana, one hundred and thirty miles by the railroad, is Pinar del Rio (Pine of the River) in the province of Pinar del Rio, a city located in the tobacco garden of the world. It is the heart of the famous Vuelta Abajo (lower turn) district of Cuba.

Little perhaps does the critical smoker realize, apart from the personal discomfort and deprivation it would cause him,

what a loss to the world of commerce it would be if the Vuelta Abajo district were suddenly wiped off the map.

To the matchless soil of this province are due its industrial wealth, its commercial value, and its world-wide fame. Other lands are as fertile, other climes as salutary, other landscapes as beautiful, but nowhere on the round earth is there a soil like unto that of the Vuelta Abajo. To that fair district the Cuban turns with deep affection, and every lover of good tobacco with reverence and gratitude.

Pinar del Rio, the extreme western province of Cuba, has been aptly compared to a high-heeled boot, which separates the Gulf of Mexico on the north from the Caribbean on the south. The winds which sweep across its hills and valleys have been tempered by the surrounding seas, and give the land a climate so mild and benefi-

cent that earth and air seem to smile in perpetual delight.

Although the dusky Carib grew the gentle herb in every province, and doubtless knew that Pinar del Rio produced the best, his Castilian conqueror was not as wise.

So far as the records run, the Spanish Conquistadores were satisfied at first with tribute from the captive race in the shape of dried tobacco leaves. Not until 1580, when the Caribs had become half extinct, did they attempt the culture of the plant themselves. Two hundred years rolled by in which Havana, Matanzas, Santa Clara, and Santiago supplied tobacco to the Spanish world. Not until 1790 does the noble name of Vuelta Abajo appear upon the records. Since then it has held unchallenged the first place among the tobacco-growing districts of the globe.

The province of Pinar del Rio is, roughly

speaking, 170 miles long and 50 miles wide. The tobacco districts comprising the middle and middle-western sections of the province are about 80 miles long and 30 wide. The heart of the Vuelta lies between the small mountain range which fringes the northern shore of the province and the southern coast. The centre of the heart is the city of Pinar del Rio.

The finest leaf is grown in the sections skirted by the Guaniguanico Mountains. There frequent rains down its slopes water the way to numberless streams, feeding and nourishing the earth. Here we find a soil of peculiar richness, containing a combination of mineral properties, which, with the stimulation of strong suns, are the chief contributors to the flavour of this tobacco.

The tobacco farms are generally located in the lowlands on both sides of the many rivers of the district, or in the val-

leys, or are found between the low and rolling hills.

The planting takes place usually in November and December. Very rarely it happens as late as January. In all cases, the land is in a high state of cultivation.

The growing plant is given the most constant and careful attention. All weeds are removed, and every plant is examined daily for the purpose of removing all insects, which, if left undisturbed, would destroy every leaf on the farm. If the weather has been favourable, in December beautiful five-pointed pink flowers surmounting vivid green leaves begin to add colour to the land. But not for long, for these flowers are picked off soon after making their appearance. All the strength of the plant is thus thrown into the selected leaves, the female plant being the larger and better adapted for fine wrappers.

The leaf is bright green until the cutting season, which usually occurs in December. The cutting is done at different periods, according as the leaves ripen.

In gathering the crop, the stalk is cut into short lengths with two leaves on each. The leaves now are slightly withered, but not dry or brittle enough to break. They are hung on poles, each of which holds about 420 leaves of wrappers, and they are carried to the curing-house, where they remain about five weeks. They are then ready to be assorted and baled, — a work requiring not only long experience, but also great skill. During the curing operation, the leaves are often so dry that the lightest touch would convert them into powder. When in this condition the tobacco is never handled. But after a heavy rain, or a period of high hygrometer, the leaves absorb moisture from the

atmosphere, and regain their softness and elasticity.

In assorting the tobacco, the leaves are divided into piles graded according to their commercial value. These piles are made up of first and second grade wrappers and fillers. The tobacco is then tied up into "hands." Four of these hands bunched together constitute a "carot," which is shaped like a fat bottle. It is held together by narrow strips of cactus fibre, vulgarly known as "majagua." A bark of a certain part of the palm-tree, which is of very tough fibre, is used as the first covering of a bale of tobacco, which contains eighty carots bulked down, and varies in weight from 80 to 125 pounds.

The tobacco is then ready for shipment. From the farms it is carried on the backs of mules to the nearest seaport or railway station, from which it finally reaches the city of Havana. Over long and often dan-

gerous roads, up and down steep and slippery mountainsides, across bridgeless streams, through dense and tangled forests, the transportation of tobacco through the Vuelta is one involving daring and pluck, which native familiarity and mule peculiarity treat as a matter of routine and duty.

This in brief is the story of the Vuelta. While tobacco from other provinces of the island finds a ready market in every civilized land, the "smoke divine" comes from the Vuelta leaf alone. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, no other plant has ever received such unlimited and costly praise. Merchants, planters, moneyed corporations, and even governments have tried, time and again, to grow the Vuelta leaf in other lands and climes. The seeds of Pinar del Rio have been sown in the Philippines, Sumatra, in India and Turkey, in Russia and Germany, in Al-

giers and Cape Colony, in Mexico, Brazil, Florida, Connecticut, in Ohio and British Columbia, but the plants which sprang into being were changelings which bore little resemblance to the parent stock.

Little wonder is it that a tobacco so admired by Christendom, Islam, and the lands of Buddha should become so momentous a mercantile fact. The real wonder is that such a little territory as the Vuelta Abajo should have won and held its throne against all the lands of the earth. A greater wonder is it that the reputation enjoyed by the leaf should be based upon varying qualities and not a uniform growth. For as the stars differ among themselves in glory, so do the Vuelta leaves differ in excellence. At one extreme are the highest grade wrappers, which bring as much as $1,000 a bale, while at the other end is filler leaf, which ranges from

$20 to $65. Between these is an endless series of varieties.

The story of Havana and its tobacco industries is familiar to all who have read or travelled. Who has not heard of that beautiful city which faces the Florida channel, whose harbour is crowded with ships, whose houses and suburbs cover a score of picturesque hills, whose streets are crowded with gaily-dressed, blithe-hearted men and women, whose climate is perpetual summer, and whose people give to the world its most precious cigars and cigarettes? The city is Cuban politically; it is Spanish racially; it is American geographically; it is a mixture of white and black races, with a dash of the blood of the red men who once inhabited the island. Its commerce is vast and various. But of that the world little heeds. In the popular mind, it is the City Beautiful, which sits beneath the shadow of the Morro Castle,

smilingly exchanging, for the gold of the nations, the leaf divine.

The industry is more than a trade; it is a chapter of history to him who can read between the lines. It is marked by a democratic spirit which tells of the time when employer and employed worked side by side at the same bench. The shop union is a relic of days when all the members of the family worked together, each for all and all for each. The reader who sits or stands descanting the news of the day from the morning paper, or who relates the master fancies of Cervantes, Calderon, or Lope de Vega to the listening workers in the cigar-room is eloquent testimony of the period when books and papers were rare, and of the ambition of the Spanish race to move upward in the scale of being. The politeness and decorum which mark the shops are not habits of the trade, but customs older than Colum-

bus. They almost speak for themselves. These are not children of the soil working for a pittance, — these are young gentlemen who have left the old world to win a fortune in the new.

Times have changed. As the Baron Attinghausen said in "William Tell," "New things invade resistlessly, while old ones pass away." Industrial methods have changed, and already the great process of industrial consolidation has begun to affect the work and the workers. The democratic feeling is changing into trades-unionism, the good fellowship is becoming business indifference; the good-natured *esprit de corps* is there still, but it has lost much of its hopefulness and joy.

It is pleasant to notice that the reader is retained in nearly all the factories, whether independent or consolidated. Morning and afternoon he makes his daily professional call. Morning and afternoon

he regales his auditors, the workmen, for an hour and a half with selected readings, declamations, and anecdotes. He is an employee of the employees. He is paid by them and ruled by them. For it is they who by vote determine whether he shall furnish them with humour or tragedy, descriptive matter or rippling verse.

A summary of the reader's work during an entire week gives a good insight into the mental calibre and status of the cigar-makers. It will contain a condensed account of current events, taken from the daily and weekly press. A page or two of history, or works of travel which elucidate issues of the hour. A poem or two. A number of jests — some broad and Rabbelaisian, others refined and brilliant. A chapter, daily, from a standard work of fiction. A story of a great lawsuit, and, it may be, a review of the new play or light opera.

It is a healthful custom. It not only does not interfere with the work, but it increases the efficiency and output of the worker. It ensures quiet and good manners among the auditors. It prevents bickering among those sitting close together, and it develops an intellectual tone which endures throughout life. The village hand who enters a cigar factory as an apprentice becomes by degrees as well informed and intelligent a man as his city brother who has had the advantages of a fair education. Under these auspices, it is but natural that from the ranks of the workman should come employers, brokers, merchants, and business men. In the course of the years many of them attain wealth and social position.

A glance at the packing-boxes which leave the Havana factories discloses the many lands which are brought into rapport with Havana through the intangible me-

dium of smoke. The commerce means more than the exchange of money. It involves the exchange of men, of goods, and of ideas. In the business quarter of Havana are shrewd merchants from every civilized land. In its storehouses are the products of every clime. In its libraries and book-stores are representatives of the great modern literatures. And everywhere in daily use are the latest inventions of the four leading nations, America, England, Germany, and France.

Without the Vuelta, Havana and Cuba would be famous. The product of its sugar-cane, the fruits and esculents of its fertile soil, the tobacco of Santa Clara and other provinces would give it high industrial rank in the roll of the nations. But with the Vuelta and its magical leaf, Cuba holds a unique position in the affection and regard of mankind.

POETRY OF SMOKE

A Mild Cigar

How sweet to me is the breath of the sea,
And the seaman's cheerful song!
How soothing is sleep, on the mighty deep,
When the ship glides calmly along!
But sweeter to me, and more soothing far,
Is the fragrant breath of my mild cigar!

In the dim twilight of an autumn night,
A walk in the country lane,
When Nature fair wafts her censer there,
Refreshes the soul again;
But all my peace and delight 'twould mar
To walk there minus a mild cigar!

I love to go thro' the frost and snow,
When the air is crisp and clear,
To the Serpentine, with a flask of wine,
To skate with my Katie dear;
But tho' dear to me these pleasures are,
The dearest still is the mild cigar!

J. Reginald Owen.

"Per Bacco!"

A Dutchman, sitting by the Zuyder Zee,
Of man's creation solved the mystery,
As, drinking deep and thinking ponderously,
He smoked Tobacco.

Said he, "Man's first in order of creation,
Happy, till woman comes to cause vexation;
Then Jove is sorry, and for consolation,
Gives him Tobacco.

" For Jove himself, when Juno, unawares,
Finds out his ' little games,' and storms
and swears,
And with his thunderbolts combs out his
hairs, —
He lights his ' 'Baccy.'

" So I, ' when lovely woman stoops to
folly,'
And jilts me for another — am not jolly;
But yet, ' a pill to purge my melancholy '
I find in ' 'Baccy.'

" And when the tax-collector to my gates
Comes, t'ax for cash, and rate me for my
rates:
In short, when any trouble agitates,
I smoke Tobacco.

" Therefore, with that sage seaman I
agree,

Who ask'd, when granted fairy wishes
three,
'' 'Bacco enough, some beer, and then,'
said he,
'Some more Tobacco.' ''

JONATHAN DOWNES.

MY CUTTY

I CARE not for your meerschaum pipe,
Tho' carved with cunning hand;
With amber tip for dainty lip,
And bright with silver band.

The modest, simple, homely clay,
I prize above all others;
A common earth has given us birth,
We own the bond of brothers.

No pot-house yard of clay, or head
Grotesque designed in putty,

Can match the grace I fondly trace
In thee, my darling cutty.

I have guarded long thy tender form,
Well hast thou done thy duty:
Once virgin white, now black as night —
A dark but comely beauty.

When thousand cares of city life
Seem my poor brain consuming,
With thee, my pet, I soon forget
To fret while I am fuming.

Or, prostrate 'neath a mountain fir,
The bay below bright gleaming,
Thy magic bowl calms my glad soul,
Or, charmed, it floats, day-dreaming.

Abroad, at home, in social ring,
Where brother fumes commingle,
May'st thou attend, my dearest friend,
Or married I, or single.

THE BAILIE.

After Hood

I remember, I remember,
The pipe that first I drew;
With red waxed end and snowy bowl,
It perfect was, and new.
It measured just three inches long,
'Twas made of porous clay;
I found, when I began to smoke,
It took my breath away.

I remember, I remember,
In fear I struck a light;
And when I smoked a little time,
I felt my cheeks grow white;
My nervous system mutinied,
My diaphragm uprose,
And I was very, very ill —
In a way you may suppose.

I remember, I remember,
The very rod he got,

When father, who discovered me,
Made me exceeding hot.
He scattered all my feathers then,
While, face down, I reclined;
I sat upon a cold hearthstone,
I was so warm behind.

I remember, I remember,
I viewed the rod with dread,
And silent, sad, and supperless,
I bundled off to bed.
It was a childish punishment,
And now 'tis little joy
To know that, for the selfsame crime,
I wallop my own boy.

H. L.

SMOKERS I HAVE MET

BY JOHN ERNEST MCCANN

THE first uncommon smoker I ever knew was not a great smoker, but he was a genius. He had a studio in a building on Tremont Street, opposite the Granary Burying-ground, in Boston, in the early '70s. His name was Martin Milmore, and he was a sculptor. I used to often drift into his studio to see him model, and watch him gracefully smoke long all-tobacco Spanish cigarettes. I was a small boy in those days, and was in doubt as to whether I would become a sculptor or a hearse driver. It was such a fine thing to sit on a hearse, and drive up Tremont

Street to Boylston, through Boylston to Charles Street, to Cambridge, and over the bridge over the Charles to Mount Auburn on a sunny day! And all the hearse drivers were so happy and contented looking! But Mr. Milmore advised me to be a lawyer, and was about to get me a position in the office of Augustus Russ, the great Boston advocate, as an office boy, when I "lit out." I can see Mr. Milmore now, lighting his Spanish cigarettes, and gracefully smoking them, as he thumbed a clay model. He looked wonderfully like Edwin Booth; was, I should say, exactly Mr. Booth's height and weight, with the great Booth eyes, long, dark hair, Oriental complexion, and Booth modesty and lovableness. He has been dead these many years, but his work lives, on Boston Common, in many Boston places, and the great granite Sphinx in Mount Auburn Cemetery is the work of his hands — and such

delicate hands as they were to chisel such a gigantic figure; but just the hands to manipulate a cigarette.

A few years later, in April, 1875, I saw my first great smoker. It was on the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Lexington. I, with a bunch of other boys, was on my way to Lexington, having risen and started early from Boston, to help carry the thing off properly. We had walked and run all the way, and were about a mile from the old Concord Bridge, where the first shot of the Revolution was fired, when along the dusty, sun-kissed road came a lot of open carriages, four gentlemen to a carriage. We waited for them, and in one landau, on the rear seat, sat a quiet, impassive, purposeful, masterful gentleman, with a big cigar in his mouth, smoking. It was our hero, President Grant, and our yells could be heard a mile as we raced beside his carriage. He looked

us over, with an amused smile of sympathy, and that cigar between his steel-locked jaws, as if he would never let it go. Every time I saw General Grant that day, except during the solemn ceremonies, he was smoking. After that day, I did not see him for eight years. In 1883, I was a clerk in Mr. Russell Sage's office, and General Grant used to come in to see Mr. Sage almost every day, until the awful crash of May, 1884, when the house of Grant and Ward went down in ruins, with many another. General Grant never smoked in Mr. Sage's office, but he smoked continuously in his own, across the street, at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street. We got to be very friendly, and everybody in the office loved and admired him. He was one of the nicest men in the world. The eight greatest men I have ever known were the quietest and most likable and modest: Martin Milmore, General Grant,

Russell Sage, Jay Gould, Edwin Booth, Nat C. Goodwin, Robert G. Ingersoll, and Francis Saltus. All smokers with two exceptions — Mr. Sage and Mr. Gould.

Edwin Booth was a fierce smoker. His favourite was a pipe, not a cigar. He smoked in his dressing-room, between acts, in his own room, constantly, and I am not sure that he did not smoke in bed. He loved tobacco as another man might love food and drink. His system was full of nicotine, for he overdid it, and he would be alive to-day if he had been a moderate smoker, as would General Grant.

Mr. Jay Gould I met nearly every working day for ten years, but I never saw him use tobacco.

Mr. Sage smoked half a cigar once, when a boy, and then let go. One day, around 1888, somebody sent Mr. Sage a box of cigars, with a beautiful label, and

in letters of gold on a blue ground, "The Russell Sage Cigar."

Mr. Sage thought it one of the best of jokes, and said:

"John, you smoke, don't you?" (He had "caught" me in the act about five hundred times, by appearing at absolutely uncalled-for hours, in the office, for about nine years.)

I answered in the affirmative, and he said:

"Well, here's a present for you," and he handed me the box, then went up to the Western Union Building to attend a meeting of the directors, and I lit up.

There was a broker that had cheated me out of a commission, in an office across Broadway, and to him I hurried with that box of cigars, after I had smoked one of them for a minute and a half. I presented the box to him.

From that day, I have never seen that broker.

One morning, early in 1893, I was walking up Tremont Street, in Boston, when, just opposite to the Boston Museum, I saw a gentleman approaching. We had the sidewalk to ourselves, as it was so early. He carried a grip. He was so tall, and such a grand-looking man, with such a divine face and great, dark, sympathetic eyes, with the fire of genius in them, that I looked, and looked, and looked, feeling sure that he must be Somebody. After I had passed, I turned to look again, and I found him looking my way. I started to go to him, and speak, but I lost my nerve, and he turned into Beacon Street, and was lost to view. Some months after, I stood in line at Trinity Church, in Boston, for an hour, in order to drop a flower on the coffin of Phillips Brooks, whom I had never heard preach, but whose sermons and good

deeds had gone to my heart. He lay on his side, as if asleep, and he and the stranger of the early morning in Tremont Street were one. Bishop Brooks, I understand, used to smoke eighteen and twenty cigars a day. He had the Milmore-Booth nicotine complexion and eyes. He overdid, too, poor man, and robbed the world of one of its most lovely souls by so doing.

Colonel Ingersoll was a smoker who knew when to stop. He smoked just so many cigars a day, and beautiful brown ones they were, and they never hurt him. General Grant was a chain smoker; that is, one cigar lit another the day long when he was preserving the Union, and for years after.

Mr. N. C. Goodwin, our best comedian, smokes only cigarettes, with "N. C. G." printed on each cigarette. In the many years that I have known him, I have not seen him smoke a pipe or cigar. His

cigarettes are made for him, and cost him about ten cents apiece. He smokes pretty constantly in his dressing-room, holding the cigarette in a beautiful all-amber holder, with a good rim at its mouth. The holder must be half a foot long. It is a pleasure to watch Mr. Goodwin smoke, as it is to see him act, for his methods are dainty and thorough, in smoking as well as acting.

The fiercest smoker whom I have ever known was the late Francis Saltus, the marvellous linguist, musician, composer, writer, and traveller. He would smoke (surely) fifty cigarettes a day. You talk about fellows smoking in bed and between courses at a dinner? Well, Frank Saltus would smoke between *mouthfuls*. I have seen him smoke fifty cigarettes in a day, while turning off two or three hundred dialogues ("squibs," he called them) for

the papers and magazines. He was a wonder, look at him how you will, and some day the world will know it.

ʊ ʊ ʊ

A Colonial volunteer officer, Captain Brown — in times of peace, Butcher Brown — ordered a sentry found smoking to consider himself a prisoner. "What!" exclaimed the volunteer soldier, "not smoke on sentry? Then where on earth am I to smoke?" The dignified captain reiterated his first remark. Then did the sentry take his pipe from his mouth and confidentially tap his officer on the shoulder. "Now, look here, Brown," said he, "don't go and make a —— fool of yourself. If you do, I'll go elsewhere for my meat!" Dignity went to a thousand to three, and no takers.

POETRY OF SMOKE

To My Pipe

Come down, old friend, from off the mantel-tree,
Where loving fingers placed thee yester-eve;
Come down, and hold communion now with me,
Thou art a friend who never did deceive.
A friend who never fails in time of need,
A friend who ever lends his potent might,
When Care upon the weary mind would feed,
Or Melancholy's gloomy spell would blight.

Thy brown and polished bowl I'll fill with care,
And then, with lips pressed close unto thine own —
No lover drinks a sweeter draught, I swear
I'm happier than a king upon his throne!
For in the wreaths of smoke which from thee rise
No perfume sweeter from the rarest rose;
No greater joy this side of Paradise!
Thou sweet and mighty antidote of woes!

Ah, often have I come with care-worn mind,
And placed thee to my lips in fretful mood;
In thy companionship relief I'd find,
Thy touch would calm the fever in my blood.

The wrinkled brow would smooth itself in peace,
The troubled breast forget its care and pain.
Yea, thou wilt give from Sorrow sweet surcease,
Bring cherished dreams of happiness again.

And ever in my home thou'lt be abiding,
A cherished friend whose counsels never fail;
While I to thee my inmost thoughts confiding,
Upon the seas of fancy oft will sail.
And not until the last sweet puff has vanished,
And naught but ashes lies within thy bowl;
Then, not till then, are all my visions banished,

Yet still sweet peace doth linger with
my soul!

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY,
in Gentleman's Magazine.

MY AFTER-DINNER CLOUD

SOME sombre evening, when I sit
And feel in solitude at home,
Perchance an ultra bilious fit
Paints all the world an orange chrome.
When Fear and Care and grim Despair
Flock round me in a ghostly crowd,
One charm dispels them all in air —
I blow my after-dinner cloud.

'Tis melancholy to devour
The gentle chop in loneliness.
I look on six — my prandial hour —
With dread not easy to express.

And yet, for every penance done,
Due compensation seems allowed.
My penance o'er, its price is won;
I blow my after-dinner cloud.

My clay is *not* a Henry Clay —
I like it better, on the whole;
And when I fill it, I can say
I drown my sorrows in the bowl.
For most I love my lowly pipe
When weary, sad, and leaden-browed;
At such a time behold me ripe
To blow my after-dinner cloud.

As gracefully the smoke ascends
In columns from the weed beneath,
My friendly wizard, Fancy, lends
A vivid shape to every wreath.
Strange memories of life or death,
Up from the cradle to the shroud,
Come forth as, with enchanter's breath,
I blow my after-dinner cloud.

What wonder if it stills my care
To quit the present for the past;
And summon back the things that were,
Which only thus in vapour last?
What wonder if I envy not
The rich, the giddy, and the proud,
Contented in this quiet spot
To blow my after-dinner cloud?

— *Fun.*

To the Virginian Leaf

Thou grateful leaf, soul-soothing friend,
While to my brain thy fumes ascend,
Do thou thy inspiration lend,
That I may sing
What splendid thinkings have been penned,
Borne on thy wing.
The noble Raleigh, who first bore
The kindly opiate to our shore,
Through thee loved dearly to explore
The realms of thought;

And on thy clouds with freedom soar,
When chains his lot.

Shakespeare thy powers would doubtless know,
And many a cloud would skyward blow,
Causing his teeming brain to glow
With grand conceit;
Whose " airy nothings " finely show
A form complete.

Milton oft felt thy soothing power
Redeem the darkness of the hour,
Making imagination shower
A rain of light;
Gifting him with a heavenly dower
Of " second sight."
Newton from thee drew thoughtful fire,
When listening to the angels' choir,
Chanting the wonders of their Sire,
Hidden from man;

From lower cause divining higher,
In God's great plan.

Then who dare 'gainst thy virtues rail?
May more and more thy power prevail!
Unwise are those who dare assail
Thee, friend in need.
And doubly blest those who inhale
Thee, fragrant weed.

The greatest good may turn to ill,
When right and wrong lie with the will;
Thou use may bless, abuse may kill;
Let manhood ripe,
With prudent moderation, fill
The soothing pipe.

THE DOMINIE.

SMOKERS I HAVE NEVER MET

BY JOHN ERNEST MCCANN

It is not certain that Sir Walter Raleigh was the man who introduced tobacco to the English people, for King James says in his works (1616), page 215, that it was not brought in by a worthy, virtuous personage, but by two or three Indians, arriving from America, who died shortly after. Cause and effect. But whoever it was, Sir Walter will always have the credit for it, for it will be as impossible to rob him of it, as it is, and ever will be, to deprive Shakespeare of his ever green laurels to place them on the head of Francis Bacon.

Raleigh must have been the first man to smoke in London; and Ben Jonson one of the first men, for his plays are full of smoking, entire scenes being devoted to it. Shakespeare never mentions tobacco or smoking. That seems to be one of the mysteries of that most mysterious of all the men that ever lived; for what else escaped his falcon eye and magic pen in the England of his time? How was it possible for him to keep Trinidado, smoking and smokers out of his comedies, which were all written while his beard was young? What chances he had of making Sir John Falstaff philosophically hold forth on the virtues of tobacco and pipe! In "Twelfth Night," as it is played, Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek smoke long "churchwardens," and have a very funny scene, in which Sir Andrew tries, while drunk, to light his long pipe held by the drunken Sir Toby; but it is not in the

written play, nor were "churchwardens" known in Shakespeare's time. Yet there was smoking, as well as drinking, at The Mermaid, The Devil and Apollo, The Boar's Head, and all the other London taverns which Shakespeare frequented; for you may be sure that, like Dickens, this great reporter knew every tavern, church, public house, and street in the town, for which he has done more than all its rulers put together; for Shakespeare is the real king of England — the king of all her kings.

It is quite easy to see that great group around the table in The Mermaid, smoking, drinking, and exchanging verbal coins of the realm: the truculent Jonson, sending clouds to the ceiling, or into an adversary's face; the reserved and aristocratic Raleigh, reflectively drawing the smoke that cheers, but not inebriates; the bitter Marston, the biting Cyril Tourneur, the

excellent, but too serious, Ford, the learned Chapman, who finished (in more than one way) Kit Marlowe's lovely poem, "Hero and Leander," after Kit's death; Webster, Fletcher, Heywood, Middleton, Essex, Drake, Southampton, and the scores of others who dropped in nights to the banquets of humour and wars of wit; and Shakespeare, the quiet, unobtrusive master of them all, a little in the background, taking it all in; for Shakespeare (like Dickens) had no ambition to be a street, club, or tavern wit, or a master of argument, except in his plays. He cared not what opinions a man held, so long as he held fast to the fact, you may be sure. His favourite volume was Man, and every one of its thousand and one leaves he had read until they were in rags.

Did Shakespeare smoke? History turns away without replying. But such an investigator must have smoked; at least, tried

the weed; and, for all we know to the contrary, he may have been an honest smoker, — one whose pipe never went out until the bowl was full of ashes. In Shakespeare's time, men were Spartan smokers, for the tobacco was rank stuff in his day, yet the smoke was inhaled from pipes, and sent in volumes from the nostrils. That way would kill the smokers of the present day. That brings us to this logical conclusion, that Shakespeare, who must have been the most delicately organized of mortals, could not have been a smoker, for the smoke of vile tobacco sent through his lungs and nostrils would have killed him. We must not be too hard on King James the First, for his "Counterblast" against tobacco, when we bear in mind its vileness.

Napoleon tried to smoke — once. Somebody gave him a box of Turkish cigarettes, and it nearly did for him what Europe had been trying to do to him for

years — killed him. He is the only illustrious man whom I have never met who gave up trying to learn to smoke after one trial. Mr. Russell Sage is the only man whom I have met who did the same thing. He told me that he once tackled a cigar, and that the cigar then tackled him. The rest is silence.

Edward VII., England's king, is another gentleman whom I have never met who is a smoker of the first rank. His cigars have been made especially for him for many years, and are worth ninety cents apiece, or nine hundred dollars a thousand. As Prince of Wales, when he offered a cigar to one of his "set," it was etiquette to refuse it, and social suicide to accept it, though I think Mr. John L. Sullivan took one from his divine hand without losing caste.

Another great man whom I have yet to meet is Carlyle, the London Diogenes.

Carlyle was born in 1795, and died in 1881, at the age of eighty-six. For about seventy of those eighty-six years Carlyle smoked, and made most of his contemporaries smoke. The trouble with him was that he was too fond of smoking a rank pipe on an empty stomach. That gave him stomach pains, and his contemporaries particular — pains; for puir auld Carlyle was as savage as a meat-house dog all the time. He cared for but two men in the world, — Tennyson and Dickens. All the rest were puir, feckless, reekless, intemperate bladders and gas-bags, and all because Tom did not know how to clean his pipe, and keep it clean, and would smoke before breakfast.

Alfred Tennyson did not know how to smoke, either; for he would smoke a long clay pipe once and then break it. A new pipe is a most unpleasant thing to draw, and sometimes when his pipe was not in

tune with his muse, Tennyson was brusque. But it is easy to forgive a genius, especially if he is beset with all sorts and conditions of men, as Tennyson was. It is said that Tennyson was often offensive to Americans. We cannot blame the English poet for refusing to receive a certain type of American who is *persona non grata* even in his own country. At any rate, Tennyson was not insensible to American beauty, for he treated Miss Mary Anderson nicely, and even allowed her to fill his pipe for him.

Bismarck was one of the greatest smokers that ever lived, and him I have never met. He would require a chapter, but it is impossible in the space allotted to me to speak of all the smokers whom I have yet to meet; still, Charles Lamb must be mentioned. At the " smokers " in his house I have often been, in spirit; particularly on one great night, when, over their pipes,

Hazlitt, Coleridge, Lamb, and a few others discussed Shakespeare's genius, and a layman gave it out, after lingering for two hours, that, in his opinion, "That Shakespeare was a very clever man!" Then Charles arose, with a lighted candle, and gravely examined that chap's bumps. Lamb was a great jo— smoker.

But the greatest smoker that I have yet to meet was Nero. He smoked a city.

POETRY OF SMOKE

AN INTER WHIFF

HERE on my back on the bank I lie,
With a pipe in my mouth, and watch the sky;
And well do I know, beyond a joke,
That nature, like me, delights to smoke.
The little zephyrs down here in the grass
Puff at the weeds as they swiftly pass;
While the breeze of the ether is not too proud —
Though almost too lazy — to blow a cloud.
Every bird has a pipe of its own,
And each has its "bird's eye" views, 'tis known.

TOBACCO LEAVES

The trees rejoice in a stem and bole,
For the King of the Forest's like old King Cole;
And the hedges as well the practice suits,
For they all of them boast their briar roots.
Smoking, in short, is loved by all
The works of nature both great and small —
Down to the very small grub, to be brief, —
You'll find he is given to rolling a leaf.
So why shouldn't I, —
As here I lie
On my back to the bank — all those defy
Who fain would the pleasant plant decry?

— *Fun.*

The Universal Flower

Plant of the world! Cosmopolite,
Whose fragrance gives us pure delight
And peace of mind!
When friends desert, and fortune frowns
On peasant head or kingly crowns,
It joy can find.

The universal flow'r, whose leaves expand,
Whose branches spread o'er every land
And every creed.
In thee do all believe, and bless the Giver,
And on the banks of life's dark river
We sow thy seed.

Deist, Christian, Turk, or Jew,
Brahmin, Fakir, and Dervish, too,
All thee adore.
The soldier, sailor, king, or prince,
Thou hast no trouble to convince
Of thy great pow'r.

Whate'er opinions they profess,
Whate'er their tenets, numberless,
Orthodox or heretic,
Thy incense offer to the skies,
Thy glorious fumes from all arise,
For thou art Catholic.

None doubt thee, for thy religion's good,
For centuries thy fame hath stood,
This is the test.
It suits all men; for, understand,
Each thinks his own peculiar brand
"The very best."

The strongest will their voices raise,
And lift on high their meed of praise
To pungent Cavendish.
The languid swell, who hates exertion,
His off'ring tends to glorious Persian,
Or dreamy Turkish.

So we all smoke, all have our choice,
Yet all, without dissentient voice,
Thy fame proclaim,
And laud thy virtues ev'rywhere,
From land to land, from year to year,
All sing the same.

The glorious weed from sunny lands,
In varied form and beauteous brands,
To England's shore
It wends its way, unconquered still,
Bending the strongest, mightiest will,
And will for evermore.

W. H. W., *in Cope's "Tobacco Plant."*

Napoleon No Smoker

The great Napoleon knew to conquer kings,
But there was one thing that he could not do;

He could not smoke; he never saw the blue
Clouds curl about his brow in airy rings;
The opiate power "divine tobacco" brings
To rest both body and mind he never knew;
Friend of the weak, the strong man it o'erthrew,
Who all the pleasure missed that from it springs.
'Tis said he once a splendid pipe would try,
A Sultan's gift. He could not learn to puff.
Then Constant for his master lighted it.
Choked by a whiff, the Emperor loud did cry,
"It makes me sick, the abominable stuff!
Only for fools and sluggards it is fit."

W. L. SHOEMAKER.

Time(s) to Smoke

A. M.

A pipe at nine.....IX.
Is always fine.

A puff at noon.....XII.
Is none too soon.

P. M.

A "concha" at three.....III.
The thing for me.

Another at five.....V.
On which to thrive.

A "perfecto" at seven.....VII.
An aroma to heaven!

A "breva" at nine.....IX.
Is half divine.

A "boquet" before slumber..X.? or XI.?
Makes just the right number.

Arthur Gray.

EARLY LITERATURE OF TOBACCO

Looking backward over the ages and pages of history, the student and enthusiast is always surprised and delighted at the mine of matter on subjects dealing with the delights of the senses, the luxuries of the mind, and the comforts of the body.

Painters and poets have pictured and sung of the beauty, sublimity, and nobility of nature in all her varying moods. Apart from this, every fruit of the soil in the scheme of creation has been given its proper setting in song and story and written record.

Among all the offerings of the earth, however, no leaf, plant, berry, bean, flower,

or tree can compare with tobacco in amount, variety, and excellence of the literature devoted to the growth, development, and use of this plant. No other product has so pronounced a place, so definite a claim upon the thoughts and feelings of the human race as tobacco. There is — as every smoker knows — a reflective fragrance, a certain sentiment in the use of this weed that cannot be applied to any other blessing of nature connected with our existence. Little wonder is it, then, that tobacco-smoking has to itself, of itself, and by itself inspired the pens and brushes, footsteps and fingers of some of the world's greatest writers, artists, discoverers, and artisans.

It is in its literature, however, that tobacco can claim its greatest distinction. What real writer has not written of the delights of smoking? Those who have not were not smokers, or, if they were, they

could never have known a "heart to heart" smoke. But let that pass. What of the poets and philosophers who have puffed the praises of the plant divine? Long life to their ashes — past, present, and future.

In looking over the literature of smoking, we can go back almost to the day of its introduction as a civilized article of consumption. Of course, tobacco had its ill wishers and enemies; but of them we have no account to settle. They are all below the clouds, so to speak.

Perhaps the first literary effusion, according to the *Overland Monthly*, wholly devoted to the "Nicotian weed" is Nash's "Lenten Snuffe," an octavo tract, of date anterior to A. D. 1600. It is dedicated to Humphrey King, a London tobacconist and poor pamphleteer. Nash was an inveterate Bohemian, and, as might be expected, was extravagant in his praise of

what Spenser called "divine tobacco." This was followed by a larger and better work, in mock heroic verse, entitled the "Metamorphosis of Tobacco," and dedicated to Drayton. Although published anonymously, the authorship is credited to Sir John Beaumont. It has since been reprinted in England, but there are probably no copies of this literary curiosity in America.

"Looke to It for Ile (I'll) Stabbe Ye" is the threatening title of a sixty-four-paged quarto published in London about A. D. 1604, and written by Samuel Rowlands. The merit and tone of the whole may be judged from the following quotation: —

"There is a humor us'd of late
By every rascall swaggering mate
To give the Stabbe: Ile stabbe (says he)
Him that dares take the wall of me.

If you to pledge his health denie
Out comes his poinard — there you lie.
If his Tobacco you dispraise,
He swears a stabbe shall end your daies."

The author then continues to threaten all classes, dagger in hand. In another pamphlet by the same writer, published a few years later, he assumes a more peaceful attitude. It is a satire called "A Whole Crew of Kind Gossips, All Met to be Merry," and in it he shows up the manners of the time by imaginary criminations and recriminations between six husbands and their wives. "Good tobacco, sweet and strong," is spoken of as one of the allurements to public resorts. Perhaps the husbands did not dare or care to smoke in the home then, and that was the cause of the trouble. How times have changed; tobacco has come to its own in these regenerate days.

"Laugh and Lie Downe, or the World's Folly," is a quarto of 1605 A. D., London. This little book describes a fop of the day, and shows how indispensable the pipe had become to complete the outfit of a "man of fashion."

"The next was a nimble-witted and glib-tongued fellow, who having in his youth spent his wits in the Arte of Love, was now become the jest of wit; but his looks were so demure, his words so in print, his graces so in order, and his conceits so in time, that he was — yea iwis (I wis) so was he, such a gentleman for a jester that the Lady Folly could never be better fitted for her entertainment of strangers. The pick-tooth in the mouth, the flower in the eare, the kisse of the hand, the stoupe of the head, the leer of the eye, and what not that was unneedful, but he so perfecte at his fingers endes, that every she was my Faire Ladye, and scarce a Knight but was

Noble Sir: the tobacco-pipe was at hand, when Trinidado[1] was not forgotten — why all things so well agreed together that at this square table of people, or table of square people, this man *made by rule*, could not be spared for a great sommee."

"The Gull's Horne Book" (the "Greenhorn's Hand Book") was a well-known pamphlet of A. D. 1609. It was a satire made up of advice as to proper city behaviour. Of the table in the inn it says:

"Before the meate comes smoaking to the board, our Gallant must draw out his tobacco-box, the ladle for the cold snuff into his nosthrill, the tongs and the priming iron. All this artillery may be of gold or silver, if he can reach the price of it; it will be a reasonable, useful pawn at all times when the current of his money falles

[1] Trinidado was the name given to a favourite brand of tobacco, and by "square people" was meant in those times simply "blockheads."

out to runne low. And here you must observe to know that what state tobacco is in town better than the merchants, and to discourse of the potecaries where it is to be sold as readily as the potecary himselfe."

Here we see it suggested that the new luxury was an expensive one. Further proof of this is shown in a comedy called "The Sun's Darling," published about the same time as the above. A foppish gallant is characterized as "some alderman's son, — one that blows away his patrimony in feathers and tobacco." According to Sir Edwin Sandys, England was yearly importing, in 1620, from Spain, £120,000 in value of tobacco. There were three popular brands, Trinidado, Leaf, and Pudding tobacco. The first kind came in rolls or coils; the last was probably cut or chopped. Although the beaux of that day carried elegant snuff-boxes, which were often built of ivory and inlaid woods,

it does not appear that the pipe was made of expensive materials. Bishop Bonner, who was much given to the pipe, however, and died in 1596 at the Golden Lion Inn, Fulham, while sitting in his chair smoking, was supposed to have been the owner of some valuable pipes. One of these pipes was found, after the place was pulled down, in the wainscot of the room in which the bishop died. It was an old pipe of quaint design done in brass. It must have been the bishop's. At any rate, it has been catalogued as the "Bishop's Own" in a local museum. A glance at the business methods of those times shows that they were no more virtuous then than now. From Ben Jonson's comedy of "The Alchemyst," we infer that tobacconists soon learned to adulterate and flavour the weed with foreign substances. Captain Face, one of the characters in the play, furnishes

the following testimonial to Drugger, the apothecary:

" This is my friend Abel, an honest fellow.
He lets me have good tobacco, he does not
Sophisticate it with slack lees, or oil,
Nor washes it with Muscadel or grannis,
Nor buries it in gravel underground,
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather or old clouts,
But keeps it in fine lily-pots, that opened,
Smells like conserves of roses."

How like to-day. The good old times were full of fakirs, too. Of course Ben Jonson smoked. There are too many allusions to the weed in his works for him not to have been a smoker. Besides his portraits make him look like one — a puff and a grunt, a growl, a side shaking with laughter, meditative smokes and goose quill. Can we not see him in all of these occupations?

In 1618 there was produced a curious

comedy by Holiday, called "Technogamia, or the Marriage of the Arts," in one of the acts of which is taken up this lively song, each verse concluding with a rousing chorus:

"Tobacco's a Musician,
And in a pipe delighteth;
It descends in a close,
Through the organs of the nose,
With a relish that inviteth.

Chorus.

This makes me sing, soho, soho, boyes,
Ho boyes sound I loudly,
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases;
When our brain it enters

Our feet do make indentures,
While we seal with stamping paces.

Chorus.

Tobacco is a Physician,
Good both for sound and sickly;
'Tis a hot perfume
That expels cold rheume,
And makes it flow down quickly.

Chorus.

Tobacco is a Traveller,
Comes from the Indies hither;
It passed sea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And 'scaped the wind and weather.

Chorus.

Tobacco is a Critticke
That still old paper turneth;

Whose labor and care
Is smoke in the aire,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.

Chorus.

Tobacco is an *ignis fatuus*,
A fat and fyrie vapoure
That leads men about
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.

Chorus.

Tobacco is a Whyffler
That cries 'Huff Snuff' with furie,
His pipes, his club and linke;
He's the wiser that doth drink;
Thus armed I fear not furie.

Chorus."

This song was accompanied by a dance, which brought out by gestures the force of the puns in the second verse. Whyffler (" whiffler " in Shakespeare) was a herald who went in advance of stately processions, with trumpets (pipes), clubs, and links (lanterns' fire), clearing the way with loud " furie."

The phrase to " drinke " tobacco, which meant the same as to smoke tobacco, is used in a poem of 1620, generally credited to George Wither. However, in 1631 appeared a poem called the " Soule's Solace, or Thirty and One Spiritual Emblems," by Thomas Jenner, which has the same reading. In the original poem there is an illustration accompanying it of a bearded gentleman at a table smoking. The words of the poem are:

" The Indian weed, withered quite,
Green at noon, cut down at night,

Shows thy decay all flesh is hay.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily-white
Shows thee to be a mortal wight,
And even such, gone with a touch.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Thinke thou beholdst the vanity
Of worldly stuffe, gone with a puffe.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

And when the Pipe grows foul within,
Thinke on thy soul defiled with sin,
And then the fire, it doth require.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
May serve to put thee still in mind,
That unto dust, return thou must,
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco."

There are, of course, other old poems on the subject, but among them all the one above is not only the best literary effort, but is also the best champion of the smoker's cause, which had then, as it has now to some extent, its opponents. The poem, which has a fine human and serious strain in it, in reflecting as it does upon the sins and vanities of this life, must also have echoed the general opinion of smokers in associating thinking and smoking together. As the same opinion has been held since then, and as most of our greatest writers have been smokers, who can deny the inspiration of the leaf? From the days of Queen Elizabeth, and for nearly one hundred years later, tobacco had its own struggles to establish itself in popular and permanent favour. But it conquered as it deserved to conquer. Its enemies in the early days called tobacco, in the words of Withers, " a thing of bar-

barism and shame." Its friends represented Vulcan resting by the forge, pipe in mouth, and envied by all the dwellers on Olympus.

It is now over three hundred years since tobacco got into literature. Who can quote a single line from a literary opponent of the leaf? But Ben Jonson, Spenser, and Sir Walter Raleigh live. With the advent of Charles Lamb, tobacco and its literature has grown both in goodness and abundance. Granted that the use of tobacco affects the mind, who would not welcome back to earth, *with their pipes*, Ben Jonson, Spenser, Marlowe, Addison, Milton, Fielding, Lamb, Byron, Kingsley, Thackeray, Carlyle, Dickens, and all the other smokers whose works are fragrant with life and truth?

ACCORDING to a "bloomin' Britisher," a Yankee's idea of a cool smoke is sitting on an iceberg smoking a long pipe, attired in a costume of paper collar, and one of Professor Swindle's patent corn plasters on his favourite toe.

POETRY OF SMOKE

Love and Smoke

I.

O, roll of snow,
The moments go
On wings of velvet smoke unending,
When I have thee
To comfort me,
Companion of supreme befriending.
With thee alight
No fears affright —
No sorrows set my soul a-whirling;
Each vain regret,
Sweet cigarette,
Is lifted from me in thy purling.

II.

Against all harm
Thou hast a charm
For heart of peasant, king, or vagrant;
There is a balm —
A cheerful calm —
Within thy cooling breath so fragrant.
Within my dreams
Thou art, meseems,
Love's philter, drawn from poppy's chalice,
Which, cigarette,
Makes me forget
This cold old world and, with it — Alice.

III.

Forgettest thou,
In days ere now,
When she and thee and I, a-dreaming,
Lulled by thy spell,
In Love's pow'r fell,

Thy light the only star a-gleaming?
Dost thou forget
How, sans regret,
And, fickle as thy clouds which hover
Within this room of loveless gloom,
Her heart turned toward the richer lover?

IV.

Ah, cigarette!
Thou trusted pet!
We'll not confess how, at her scorning
(With Bab and Bess
And Blanche and Jess)
Our broken heart went into mourning.
Nor shall we say
How, in a way,
Love, unrequited, fuming, fretting,
Though seldom cured,
Can be endured
Through other girls and cigaretting.

JOE KERR.

The Meerschaum

When the Sea-god bold,
In the days of old,
  Would reward his mermen brave,
He'd fashion a pipe
In his mighty gripe
  From the foam of a silver wave.

'Twas a talisman sure
'Gainst the spirits impure
  That in ocean's depth do cower;
Nor the siren's song,
Nor the whirlpool strong,
  Could prevail o'er the meerschaum's
    power!

Though the Sea-god's sway
Has passed away
  The spell doth still remain;
And the pipe's sweet breath
Carries woe and death
  To the Spirits, Care and Pain.

TOBACCO LEAVES

The ills of life,
Its toil and strife,
  From memory fade away,
As the sweet smoke rain
On the dry, tired brain
  Works the charm of magic fay.

Then honour the pipe!
May its blessings ripe
  To weary hearts ne'er cease;
May its power to soothe
Make the rough path smooth —
  The sad hours, hours of peace!

— *New York Tobacco Leaf.*

The Smoke of My Old Black Pipe

A Song

As the blue smoke curls from my old black
    pipe,
  I dream of the days gone by —

Of the rare old days of my golden
youth,
When the tide of hope ran high.
I dream of a face that was fair to see,
Of a voice that was sweet to hear,
Of a hand that was warm in the grasp of
love,
Of a heart that to mine was dear.

I dream of the time when the whisp'ring
wind
Brought legends of joy to me,
When my soul was blind to the cares of
life,
And my spirit-pulse beat free;
Of a time when the sound of a rippling
laugh
Was the music that woke each day,
When the gladsome smile of the mate of
my heart
Drove ev'ry shadow away.

TOBACCO LEAVES

As the blue smoke curls from my old black pipe,
I dream of a darker time,
When that gentle spirit was called away
To a better and higher clime;
When the clouds were gathered from far and near
To sadden my lonely days,
And she who had been my angel mate
Had vanish'd beyond my gaze.

I dream of a time when we yet may meet
In the world beyond the tomb,
Where the clouds ne'er come, and the smiles ne'er fade,
And the joy flowers always bloom;
Of the time when that voice will speak again,
When the love that sleeps will wake,
When the grasp of our souls will be stronger far
Than death hath power to break.

So my old black pipe is a friend to me,
And smooths the paths I tread,
Recalling the joys of the former time,
Reviving hopes that were dead.
Yea, my old black pipe is a friend to me,
Bridging the stream of life,
Landing my soul in the world of rest,
Free from earth's care and strife.

As the blue smoke curls from my old black pipe,
The burthen of grief grows light;
The morning of joy breaks bright and clear,
Dismissing the ghosts of night.
Thus my soul looks out for the brighter time,
The dew from my eyes I wipe,
And I seem to mate with my love again
As I smoke my old black pipe.

J. D.

Sonnet on Tobacco

from the french of graevius

Sweet enchantment of my solitude,
Companion glowing-pipe-sublime delight;
To my dull'd soul thou bringst clearest sight,
To my sad heart a calm and happy mood.
Tobacco! rapture of my mind, when I
See, like the lightning, vanish in the air
Thy smoke, I find an image striking rare
Of my life's feebleness and brevity.
With eloquence thou tellst unto me
What I, alas! alas! must one day be —
I, animated ashes — and I feel
Confused, ashamed, that, running after smoke,
I lose myself, like thee; thou dost evoke
Regrets when most thou dost thy charms reveal.

NOTE. — Grævius was one of the most distinguished scholars of the seventeenth century. He was born at Nainburg, in Saxony, on January 29, 1632.

In 1661 he was appointed professor at Utrecht, where he died on the 11th of January, 1703. His character was estimable as his erudition was astonishing. Two kings, who were rivals and enemies, — Louis XV. and William III., — joined in doing him honour, and three universities, Leyden, Heidelberg, and Padua, made him, but in vain, the most flattering offers and invitations. By his wife, Edile de Camp, he had eighteen children, four only of whom survived him. His library, consisting of five thousand printed and a hundred manuscript volumes, is now incorporated with the library of Heidelberg University. Long ago there was a translation into German of his famous Sonnet

on Tobacco, but so far as we know, our own is the first translation into English.

COPE'S "*Tobacco Plant.*"

MAHOMET'S MOUTHPIECE

MAHOMET sat in Paradise,
His hookah calmly smoking;
And at his side a houri sat,
Enchantingly provoking;
She cared not for the glowing weed,
Her eyes much brighter twinkled;
And from her twin rose-buds proceed
A scent, like Rimmell's sprinkled.

Still "all serene" his Highness smoked,
Nor paid his tribute kisses,
Tho' these form items No. 1
Of every Turkman's blisses;
Till sportively the houri snatch'd
The prophet's rich narghile,
For like "Miss Bailey," she declared,
"He used her ungenteelly."

The amber mouthpiece left the stem,
Through seven heavens sinking;
In course of time, it reach'd the earth,
And set the savants thinking.
The East is famous for wise men,
And Persia had its quota;
Who settled *lusus naturae*
Quite right to an iota.

In full divan, 'twas soon arranged
'Twas owned by great Mahomet;
The amber was a talisman;
What charms might *not* come from it!
And Persia's shah has now the gem —
So say our morning papers;
Though some of those small "on dits" are
But typographic vapours.

J. B.

Chibouque

At Yeni-Djani, after Rhamadan,
The pacha in his palace lolls at ease;

Latakieh fumes his sensual palate please,
While round-limbed almées dance near his divan.

Slaves lure away *ennui* with flower and fan;
And as his gem-tipped chibouque glows, he sees,
In dreamy trance, those marvellous mysteries
The prophet sings of in the Al-Korán!

Pale, dusk-eyed girls, with sequin-studded hair,
Dart through the opal clouds like agile deer,
With sensuous curves his fancy to provoke —
Delicious houris, ravishing and fair,
Who to his vague and drowsy mind appear

L. of C.

Like fragrant phantoms arabesqued in smoke.

FRANCIS S. SALTUS.

THE MEERSCHAUM [1]

SCORN not the meerschaum. Housewives, you have croaked
In ignorance of all its charms. Through this small reed
Did Milton, now and then, consume the weed;
The poet Tennyson hath oft invoked
The muse with glowing pipe, and Thackeray joked
And wrote and sang in nicotinian mood;
Hawthorne with this hath cheered his solitude;
A thousand times this pipe hath Lowell smoked;

[1] Reprinted by permission from *Harper's Magazine*.

Full oft have Aldrich, Taylor, Stoddard,
Cranch,
And many more whose verses float about,
Puffed the Virginian or Havana leaf;
And when the poet's or the artist's branch
Drops no sustaining fruit, how sweet to
pout
Consolatory whiffs — alas! too brief!

THE ETIQUETTE OF TOBACCO

It is not four hundred years since Christendom learned to use the gentle weed, and yet in that period the use of tobacco has passed from land to land, and been adopted by every race, civilized, semi-civilized, and savage. It has influenced the etiquette of every country, and been influenced by the etiquette in return.

When Columbus discovered America, the Indians had developed an etiquette respecting the leaf of the most complex sort. Of their system but little has been preserved, and yet that little is of deep interest. To the Indian, the primary use of tobacco was religious. He burnt it

as an incense to the Almighty, just as the Western nations burned myrrh, benzoin, and frankincense. Smoking the great peace calumet, or pipe of peace, was in reality taking a solemn form of oath. A second purpose, partly religious, was the production of stupor or prophetic dreams on the part of a medicine-man or priest. Third, was the reward to heroic sagamore and sachem, which came from inhaling tobacco smoke. No young man could use the pipe or cigar until he had proved his courage, while squaws were forbidden the pleasure until they had reached old age, and had been the mothers of warriors. Spain carried the fire of the cigar to Southern Europe, while England, a generation later, transported to Northern Europe the Algonquin pipe. The Castilian was rich, refined, and courtly. He wove around the weed his own delightful manners, and made smoking an accomplishment of the nobil-

ity. The Englishman of that time was bold, poor, and careless of the graces of life. In England smoking was the comfort of the masses. In the Spanish etiquette, which was developed in the course of the years, were many odd touches indicative of the Castilian character. You asked a smoker for "the favour of his fire," and not to give you a light, as in blunt English. When you received it, you bowed, used it, handed it back with a bow and an apology, and at the same time offered him a fresh cigar or cigarette, according to that with which he had favoured you. In offering a lighted cigar, you always presented the fire end, so that his hand should not be soiled by the mouth end, and in returning a cigar or cigarette, you offered the mouth end, so as to give him the least trouble in replacing it between his lips. This rule in regard to giv-

ing and returning a lighted cigar is now the practice of every civilized country.

Smoking having been adopted by the upper classes in Spain, was employed by men and women alike. There was no prejudice against the fair sex enjoying the weed. The countries which learned smoking from Spain adopted these views. There was and is no prejudice against women smoking in Portugal, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Africa, Asia, Mexico, Central and South America.

In England the masses were the first to smoke, and the upper classes regarded the habit as vulgar and low. Not until 1820 could a gentleman smoke without losing caste, and not until 1885, when the Princess of Wales, now the Queen of England, served cigarettes at luncheons to her own sex, were women allowed to smoke without fear of social ostracism. The English prejudice was adopted by Canada, the

United States, Scandinavia, Holland, North Germany, and Switzerland.

In the Latin countries, for many generations, it was considered discourteous to offer a friend or a guest a ready-made cigarette. Were you alone with your friend, you rolled the cigarette yourself, and offered it to him, or else handed him the picadura and papers for him to use himself. At your own house, your wife or daughters rolled the cigarettes, and served them along with a candle or taper, lamp or burning charcoal, with which they were lighted. Commerce and manufactures change manners, and the hand-made and machine-made cigarette have driven the good old custom to the wall. Yet in the Latin-American countries and in Spain, Southern France, and Italy the ancient custom survives in many old-fashioned families. In Moslem families, the wife, or one of the wives, rolls the Turkish leaf

into cigarettes for the husband, while a slave girl does the same for the guest. In India the nautch girl and bazar girl, in China the flower-boat girl and sing-song girl, in Japan the geisha and tea musme perform the same function.

While the Orient has learned smoking from the Occident, it has already paid back part of its debt in the practice of serving cigarettes with the sorbet at dinner-parties. This comes from Southern China, where state dinners are broken at intervals by recesses, during which the attendants hand around cigarettes and perfumed water-pipes to the guests.

Around the plebeian pipe comparatively little etiquette has developed, at least, so far as the Occident is concerned. Among the natives of Yucatan and Central America is the practice of using what are known as "loving-pipes" and "family-pipes." In these the stems are from four to seven

feet long, and branch into two or three parts, each of which is supplied with a mouthpiece. The latter are about two feet apart. When they are used, the host and his guest, or the man and his wife, sit side by side. The bowl rests on the floor; the host holds the stem where it is single, and the two branches rest comfortably in the mouths of the two smokers. The same result is obtained with this pipe and solid branching stem as with the narghile and flexible stem of the Moslem world. In the latter, the double, treble, or multi-stemmed narghile is intended for a group of friends, or for a family circle.

It is rare that an Englishman or an American keeps pipes for visitors. In Asia and Northern Africa the rule is the exact opposite. In Turkey and Egypt there are always extra narghiles; in India, extra hookahs; in China, extra hubble-bubbles, water-pipes, and bamboo pipes. In the

Occident, it is not a discourtesy for a host to light his own pipe and not offer one to a guest. In the Orient it would be either a terrible breach of manners or a direct insult.

At one time in Cuba many of the plantation owners had a jovial custom of rolling cigars from leaf grown on their own plantations, and giving these to their guests. Thomas Wilson, who travelled in Cuba in the beginning of the nineteenth century, speaks of the excellent cigars which the wealthy planters were wont to roll from the leaves of their own growing. "The smell," he writes, "is exceedingly delicious, but they are so strong that I can never smoke more than half a one without turning my stomach."

POETRY OF SMOKE

An Old Pipe

Old ruined pipe, that all would cast aside,
Nor give thy fate a single transient thought,
To me with tender memories thou art fraught,
Recalling those brief days of happy pride
When my sweet Lady wandered by my side
Through life's strange ways, and always unbesought
Came rapturous joys no wealth had ever bought,
And I each day by love was deified.
For once, I mind it well, in playful vein,
She filled thee with the fragrant honeyed weed,

And lit it for me with such witching grace
I could not choose withhold the lovesome meed.
And now thou bringest to my sight her face,
As then she thrilled me beneath my kiss's strain.

— *Bon Tabac.*

The Consoling Pipe

The heathen god Pan
Was a good-looking man,
But unluckily cursed with the legs of a goat;
Which made Syrinx look down
Upon Pan with a frown —
And on Syrinx, it was, he was fated to dote.

He was pining away —
Grew thinner each day —
But small consolation from Syrinx he got.

And her sneers at his legs
So embittered the dregs
Of life's cup; it was clear Pan was going to pot.

One morning he grew
So pressing, she flew
To Minerva, or some one, to help her in need;
And, obtaining her change,
In a manner most strange,
Rushed into the water and turned to a reed.

On seeing which, Pan,
Like a sensible man,
Just cut her at once — and invented the pipe;
Which ever since then
Is by all jilted men
Held the best cure for love — of which smoke is the type.

— *Fun.*

"In Fumo Omne Exit!"

In lazy clouds toward the skies,
From out my meerschaum curls the vapour,
Blue as the depths of Celia's eyes,
And dreamy as the folds that drape her.
And, gazing on the same *yeux bleus*,
Sad as the sighing of Melpomene
Rings in mine ear the warning true
"In fumo exit omne!"

Yes, sweet! the flowers that deck your brow,
And those that in your cheeks blush deeper,
Their summer fled, meek heads will bow
Beneath the sickle of the reaper.
Still, though in smoke our gladness end,
The sigh that clouds, the tear that checks it,

Will each in turn in vapour blend —
"In fumo omne exit!"

H. T. M. JOHNSON.

TOBACCO

WHENE'ER I'm out of sorts or sad,
Oppress'd with care, and well-nigh mad,
What comforts me, and makes me glad?
Tobacco!

What builds such castles in the air,
And paints my prospects bright and fair,
And makes me negligent of care?
Tobacco!

How is it that I'm so resigned,
Whene'er my wife *must* speak her mind,
And ne'er retaliate in kind?
Tobacco!

What makes my holidays so sweet,
And ev'ry "outing" such a treat

That I would fain their joys repeat?
Tobacco!

Whene'er my brain is dull and dark,
And utterly beside the mark,
What wakes the latent, slumb'ring spark?
Tobacco!

What changes all my scowls to smiles,
And many a tedious hour beguiles,
And ne'er by any chance me riles?
Tobacco!

Enlarger of our mortal ken,
Familiar of the artist's den,
Beloved by literary men —
Tobacco!

Far kinder than the kindest friend,
Oh, teach us how your powers blend!
And from your heavenly throne descend,
Tobacco!

E. H. S.

Tobacco

Thy quiet spirit lulls the lab'ring brain,
Lures back to thought the flights of vacant mirth,
Consoles the mourner, soothes the couch of pain,
And wreathes contentment round the humble hearth;
While savage warriors, soften'd by thy breath,
Unbind the captive, hate had doom'd to death.

Rev. Walter Cotton.

The Tobacconist's Indian

When I was young I shook with fright
Whene'er I passed you by;
E'en in my dreams at dead of night
I saw your cruel eye.

How scared I was to see, one day,
A drunkard throw you down!
I felt so certain you would slay
Or chase him out of town.

My mother said that after dark
You scalped all naughty boys,
And so I dared not have a lark
At dusk, nor make a noise.

I lost my fear the day I saw
A painter's boy apply
Vermilion paint upon your jaw
And varnish to your eye.

But now that I am twelve and more
I use you every day
As target for my putty-blower
When after school I play.

Planta Divina

When the gods, at their symposia,
Supped on nectar and ambrosia,
  Surely something more was needed than
    they knew.
'Tis quite true there was no lack o'
Food and drink — but no tobacco —
  For the only "pipe" then known Pan
    softly blew.

At the court where Odin lorded,
Neither he knew — nor yet Thor did —
  Of the grateful fragrance of the balmy
    weed;
For a "pipe," to those Walhallans,
Meant a many, many gallons
  Of their foaming and exhilarating mead.

No! 'Twas left for mighty Gitche
Manito to send so rich a
  Blessing down upon his children here
    below.

TOBACCO LEAVES

Fill the calumet and hookah,
And we'll send in wreaths of smoke a
Savoury incense up to Gitche Manito!
— *The Bohemian.*

Lone Wooden Indian

Where are thy kinsmen, lonely brave,
Who erst adorned the city's walks,
And raised above the thronging pave
A row of hickory tomahawks?
Who stood in menacing array
Along the border of the flags,
And filled with swift, supreme dismay
The owners of nocturnal jags!
Lines to a Wooden Indian.

Odd Epigrams for Tobacco Jars

I am, and am not,
A family jar.

Fill the bowl, you jolly soul,
And burn all sorrow to a coal.

A *weed* you call me, but you'll own
No rose was e'er more fully blown.

Behold! This vessel hath a moral got:
Tobacco smokers all must *go to pot.*

Your pipe's your friend!
A greater friend am I;
For in itself that friend will lack
What I supply.

"Man's life is but a vapour!"

Believe me or not — I most truly contain
A soother of woe and an easer of pain!

Great Jove Pandora's box with jars did fill —
This jar alone has power those jars to still.

A jar, behold me! taste my store,
Take all you want, but take no more.
I'm "Solitaire," and Social's pal,
I'm Baccyful, not Bacchinal;
I'm Friendship's bond, I'm Freedom's type,
I'm Welcome's emblem — take a pipe!
Still, should you choose my worth evoke,
You'll own my faults all end in smoke.

Although no artist, I can draw
My pipe to ease my care;
No architect, yet oft I build
Grand "castles in the air;"
No author, yet I can compose
My nerves, if aught should mar
My happiness, by virtue of
The plant within this jar.

There are jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham;
But welcome most to me by far
Is my dear old tobacco jar.

There are pipes producing sounds divine,
Pipes containing luscious wine;
But when I consolation need,
I take the pipe that burns the weed.

. . . . . .

All ye who feel oppress'd amidst the strife,
The ceaseless wear and strain of busy life;
All ye whose spirits sink beneath the weight
Of dire misfortune, or of adverse fate,
Search well within the jar, and you will find
The certain solace for a troubled mind.
Use with discretion what is offer'd there,
Inhale its fragrance, and forget its care.

COPE'S "*Tobacco Plant.*"

LAST CIGAR

'TWAS off the blue Canary Isles,
A glorious summer day,

I sat upon the quarter-deck,
And whiffed my cares away;
And as the volumed smoke arose,
Like incense in the air,
I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

Chorus

It was my last cigar,
It was my last cigar,
I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

I leaned upon the quarter rail,
And looked down in the sea,
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
Was curling gracefully;
Oh, what had I at such a time
To do with wasting care?
Alas! the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar.

Chorus

I watched the ashes as it came
Fast drawing to the end,
I watched it as a friend would watch
Beside a dying friend;
But still the flame crept slowly on,
It vanished into air,
I threw it from me, spare the tale,
It was my last cigar.

Chorus

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distance dim,
I've watched above the blighted heart,
Where once proud hope hath been;
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When off the blue Canary Isles
I smoked my last cigar.

Chorus

TOBACCO FACTS AND FANCIES

Tobacco First Noticed

According to *Notes and Queries*, the earliest notice of tobacco is contained in a work of Benzo, of Milan, printed in 1578: "The natives bind the ripe leaves into bundles and hang them to dry. When they desire to use them, they entwine one leaf of the plant with one leaf of the corn grown in the country, so as to make of them one tube or pipe, lighting one end of which, they put the other in their mouth, and draw in the breath and air, and at last inhale so much of the smoke as to fill their mouths, throats, and heads, and patiently

continue the process as long as the pleasure which they derive from it is not of the nature of a penance; and so intoxicate themselves with this smoke that their senses are in time almost out of the mind's control. There are some who smoke so greedily and furiously as to fall lifeless to the ground, and lie there for the greater part of the day or night. Some, on the other hand, smoke more temperately, until they merely become giddy, and carry the process no further."

Wu's Tribute to Tobacco

Minister Wu's oration on General Grant Memorial Day contained a notable tribute to tobacco smoking which is well calculated to grieve the narcotics committee of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. If the words are not before long used for an advertisement by cigar manu-

facturers, those men will be lacking in business acumen. "What an important part the fragrant Havana plays in the world of affairs," said the philosophic Wu. "Imagine what a clear head it gave the great soldier in planning his campaigns, and in ordering his victories, and what a mental calm and equipoise it enabled him to maintain in the confusion and excitement of battle." The question arises how that long and illustrious line of great generals, from Alexander down to Napoleon, contrived to win battles without "the fragrant Havana," as most of them were obliged to. But it may be ungracious to pick flaws in Mr. Wu's oration. He was paying a tribute to Grant. Yet the other side will be sure to point out that the cancerous growth that led to General Grant's illness and death was laid to excessive smoking.

— *Springfield Republican.*

"Egyptian" Tobacco

Probably few smokers of Egyptian cigarettes trouble themselves greatly where the tobacco they enjoy comes from, and if asked, would answer, "Egypt, of course." As a matter of fact, however, practically no tobacco is grown in Egypt, for the soil is too sandy; every bit of it comes from Turkey, though the manufacture of the best qualities of leaf tobacco into cigarettes, both for foreign and for Turkish consumption, is carried on almost exclusively in Egypt, and the paper is made in the same country. Of late years, the consumption of Turkish cigarettes in America has grown enormously, and millions are now manufactured here where there were thousands a few years ago. The cheaper grades are mixed with native-grown tobacco; a better grade is made exclusively from one variety of Turkish

leaf, but the best grades contain as many as nineteen different kinds of the finest selected Turkish tobaccos.

A Boy's Essay on Tobacco

Tobacco grows something like a cabbage, but I never saw one cooked, though I have heard men say that cigars given them on election day were mostly cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden injuns, who stand at the door and fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars, which is glued into the Injun's hands, and is made of wood also. I tried to smoke a cigar once and I felt like Epsom salts.

Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When people first saw him smoking they thought he was a steamboat and was frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl. I don't know whether

she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Larry who comes to see her. He was standing on the steps one night and he had a cigar in his mouth, and said he didn't know as she would like it, and she said: "Larry, the perfume is agreeable." But when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe Nancy said: "Get out of the house, you horrid creature; the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once, then I sneezed.

Tobacco Smuggling

Two young men were carrying a parcel of smuggled tobacco to Vienna; but when they drew near to the city, and caught sight of the custom-house, they began to be afraid. They were on the point of throwing away their parcel when one of them conceived a clever device, and said,

"No, the tobacco must go into Vienna; but you must do what I tell you. You must go on before me, carrying the tobacco, and when we come to the custom-house you must rush rapidly into the city how loud soever I may shout to you."

Due obedience was given to the command. When the young men arrived at the custom-house, the officer on duty stood with folded arms before the door. The young man who was behind shouted, "Fritz, wait and let me also carry the tobacco; it is too heavy for you."

Fritz made no reply, but went with swift steps on, while his companion came slowly behind. The officer thought that the young man wanted to make fun of him in a fashion with which he was too familiar. He abstained, therefore, from searching them, lest he should furnish them with fresh subject for ridicule.

"Ah, sir, it is no lie, but a blessed truth, as I can tell, who have ere now gone, in the strength of the weed, three days and nights without eating; and therefore, sir, the Indians always carry it with them on their war-parties. And no wonder! for when all things were made, none were better than this — to be a lone man's companion, a bachelor's friend, a hungry man's food, a sad man's cordial, a wakeful man's sleep, and a chilly man's fire; while for stanching of wounds, purging of them, and settling of the stomach, there's no herb like it under the canopy of heaven!"

Kingsley's "*Westward Ho.*"

One of Louis XVIII.'s secretaries of state was once with the king in the cabinet of the latter. Affairs of importance had to be debated and decided. So earnest in discourse grew the secretary that, without

thinking of it, he laid his handkerchief and his snuff-box on the table.

"You are emptying your pockets," said the king, with a smile.

"Here," replied the secretary, "it is better that a minister should empty his pockets than fill them."

Telegraphy of the Cigar

To light the cigar — "Attention!"

To hold it between the forefinger and the lips — "I long to clasp thee in my arms."

To hold the cigar with three fingers — "I am thy slave."

To hold the cigar with the thumb and the forefinger — "This floor is not to let."

To pass the cigar from one hand to another — "Thou hast hit me there."

To puff the cigar lightly — "I am in a hurry."

To shake the ashes from the cigar — "All is over."

To move the cigar with the finger — "I'll think of it."

To smoke the cigar with vengeance — "Farewell for ever."

To contemplate the column of smoke — "Wilt thou ever cease to love me?"

To sweep away the smoke with the hand — "I long for thee, but without any mother-in-law."

To bring the lighted end of cigar to the lips — "What a sell!"

To puff the smoke with force — "Devil take the intruders!"

To puff the smoke through the nostrils — "I confide in thee."

To puff the smoke through both mouth and nostrils — "Thy neighbour is frightfully in my way."

To puff the smoke forward — "Wilt thou give me a kiss?"

To puff the smoke sideward — "You have forgotten me for another."

To puff the smoke through the ears — "I believe what thou tellest me."

To puff the smoke through the eyes — "I will marry you."

To swallow the smoke chokingly — "I am hooked."

"Is smoking offensive or defensive?" inquired a brawny man, with a broad smile and a bad cigar, as he settled himself in the empty seat in the smoker, alongside of a thin, dyspeptic individual who was looking sadly out of the car window.

"I should say it was both," was the weary reply. "Judging from the stench of that 'gutter ——' you have in your mouth, you ought to be able to *offend* and *defend* yourself against the whole world."

Smoking on shipboard is made imperative, for does not the captain "pipe all hands" on deck?

One of the most interesting sights to be seen in the prominent cigar factories in Havana is the tobacco artists at work on the expensive cigars for the European markets. The number of men qualified to manipulate the tobacco put into these high-priced smokers is small, and most of them work only a few hours at a time. They earn big wages, and can afford to take things easy, for the demand for labour as skilled as theirs is always greater than the supply. The writer recently sat for an hour, watching one of these nicotian artists working on a difficult shape for one of the European courts. After his long, tapering fingers had finished the work of putting the wrapper on the cigar,

he held it up before him, and viewed it with as much admiration as a painter would a picture after he had put the last touch of the brush to the canvas. The cigars which this man was making cost wholesale $1,500 a thousand, packed in inlaid cabinets.

ʊ ʊ ʊ

Dad tells me my pipe will take all the fire of youth out of me. Nonsense; it puts fire in, for the old maxim says, "Where there is smoke there is fire."

ʊ ʊ ʊ

To smoke a fine cigar, after a real dinner, with a good friend, is about as near "heaven on earth" as the average man will ever find south of the stars.

ʊ ʊ ʊ

There are two things a man seldom forgets — his first love and his first smoke.

Learn to smoke slow. The other grace is to keep your smoke from other people's faces. — *Punch.*

At the battle of Minden, where the French were signally defeated, the grenadiers of France were exposed to the fire of a battery, which made terrible havoc in their ranks. M. de Saint-Pern, who commanded them, tried to make them as patient as he knew them to be brave. He therefore made his horse go up and down in front of them at the very slowest pace, as if he were coolly training it. His snuff-box he held in his hand, and from time to time he took a pinch with the greatest deliberation. Seeing the grenadiers startled and alarmed by murderous crash on crash, he said to them: "What is the matter, my children? Do the cannon-balls disturb you? Doubtless they kill; but that is all."

Character in Smoking

The Ideas of a Woman Who Has Been Sizing Up the Other Sex Unawares

According to a man's manner of smoking you shall know him, is the opinion of a keen observer of habits and characteristics.

Let him gnaw at the end of his cigar and roll it between his lips, and you may depend he is cynical, likely to look always on the wrong side of human nature, and not to trust any one completely.

The man who smokes with his cigar tilted upward has the traits that make for success, is brisk, aggressive, and likely to triumph over interference with his wishes.

The smoker who guards his cigar jealously, and will smoke it almost up to the point of charring his moustache or burning his nose, is a tactician, scheming, self-

seeking, and with an intense desire for power.

The cigar tilted toward the chin denotes the day-dreamer, the person who may have ideas and ambitions but seldom the practicality to carry them out.

The cigar held steadily and horizontally indicates a callous, calculating nature, strong traits, but poor principles, the sort of man who could be brutal with indifference, should occasion arise.

Men who let their cigar go out, and then try to relight it, also those who, after smoking for awhile, let the cigar go out and then throw it away, are likely to be irrational and without the capacity to put their powers to use.

Men of quick, vivacious temper hardly touch the tip of their cigar with their teeth, and after taking two or three whiffs will remove it and hold it in their hand in absent-minded fashion. They are men

who change their opinions and ambitions often, and require the spur of novelty or necessity to make them exert their best powers.

The man who, after lighting his cigar, holds it not only between teeth and lips, but with two, three, or four fingers of his left hand, is fastidious and possessed of much personal pride. Such a smoker will often remove the cigar and examine the lighted end to see if it is burning evenly and steadily. Such actions indicate carefulness, sagacity, and a character worthy of confidence and esteem.

The smoker who sends forth smoke from both corners of the mouth in two divergent puffs is crotchety and hard to get along with, though he may have good mental faculties.

The spendthrift, sometimes the adventurer, is declared by the act of biting off the end of a cigar. Lack of judgment,

dislike to pay debts, and not overniceness of habits are declared by this practice.

The pipe smoker who grips his pipe so firmly between his teeth that marks are left on the mouthpiece is mettlesome, of quick, nervous temper, and likes to be tenacious of his opinions one way or another.

The pipe held so that it hangs somewhat toward the chin indicates the listless, ambitionless person, who might stand up to such responsibilities as come to him, but would never seek them or strive for high place.

The man who fills his pipe hastily, haphazard fashion, and emits irregular puffs of smoke is of incautious, generous impulses, the sort of man who is a good comrade and has powers of entertaining, but whose friendship is not likely to be lasting nor to warrant implicit confidence.

The man who fills his pipe slowly and

methodically and smokes mechanically and regularly is likely to be reserved, prudent, and a good, dependable friend, while not of showy exterior.

Many smokers, no matter how many cigar-cases they have, carry their cigars in the upper left-hand waistcoat pocket. This habit indicates a love of self-indulgence and disinclination to make the slightest exertion other than absolutely necessary.

These observations, it should be remembered, are those of a woman who has been observing men who smoke.

— *New York Sun.*

Do's, Don'ts, Nevers, and Remembers for Smokers

Give your last cigar away occasionally. It will make you feel better.

Don't light a cigar in the presence of

a respected friend or acquaintance, unless you give him one. This does not apply to employees, fellow boarders, or any one with whom you come in daily contact.

Never refuse a light to any smoker. If you haven't a match to give him, let him borrow some of your fire, even if it spoils your cigar.

Remember that all smokers are equal — when smoking.

Do keep a fresh pipe — if he is a pipe smoker — for your friend.

Do the "nice thing" — once in awhile. If you have more than one cigar, and notice a man looking sadly out of the smoking-car window, proffer him one of your smokes, with the understanding that there have been times when you were short on smokes and long on loneliness yourself.

Give your friend your *best* cigar. You'll have lots of fine future smokes coming to you if you do.

Remember you can display more brotherly feeling *in the way* you proffer a cigar than in a world of nice words or small loans.

Remember that the hospitable smoker is one of nature's choicest creations.

Never play a joke on a smoker. Don't give the meanest of them a loaded cigar. It's a brutal, dangerous, and stupid thing to do.

Don't be a cigar or cigarette "sponge." It's a low down habit. You can lose your self-respect and the respect of your friends more in this way than any other.

Don't be a strutting, nose-tilting smoker. It's tough.

Never smoke in the presence of ladies, unless you know it is not offensive. If you don't know, ask them. If they object, don't smoke. In spite of Kipling, any good woman is far finer than any cigar ever dreamed of.

"Life is too short for poor food, poor company, poor clothes," and poor smokes.

Remember that silence and a good cigar are two of the finest things on earth. Even a hermit can be an angel under these circumstances, and a man of the world a man of the other world.

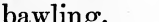
Puff your smoke heavenward, and pitch your thoughts toward the clouds.

Coffee without tobacco is like meat without salt. — *Persian Proverb.*

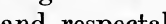
Many an after-dinner party, although above suspicion, has been "under a cloud." A cloud of contentment, a brand of harmony, and an aroma of good-fellowship always good to look upon.

THE Dean of Carlisle has been denouncing tobacco smoking as pestiferous. Well, we prefer a cloudy atmosphere to a close one. — *Fun.*

WITH many men, cigars supply the intellectual vacuum which others ingeniously (?) fill up with sighs, shrugs, slander, shuffling, silly schemes, vagaries, vicious thoughts, whistling, weeping, wailing, beering, and bawling.



THAT I won't smoke enny more cigars, only at somebody else's expense. — *Resolution by Josh Billings.* Josh represented a very numerous and respectable body of smokers.



The Memory of the Past — The first cigar.

My Lady Nicotine and How She Seduced Me

She is a common wench, this well-beloved mistress o' mine. There is no roystering blade, no gallant courtier, no ragged tramp, no rollicking sailor boy, who is not welcome to her close embrace, her sweet, perfumed kiss, and the languorous, delicious content that follows a brief hour's dalliance with her charms. And yet I love her!

Even as she is not nice in her choice of those to whom she gives her favours, so she is by no means fastidious as to the time or place of her assignations. Revel she will, it is true, in the daintiest boudoir, leaving the perfume of her presence on silken hangings, soft couches, and even in the costly rugs her lovers trample. Yet she speeds as joyously to the meanest hovel or den, where lurks some burly ruffian,

who eagerly turns to her for solace after a day of toil or a night of crime.

She is as ready to grant a stolen, hasty kiss to the tired, wet sentry on his guard, who perils a heavy punishment for the fleeting favour, as to linger on the lips of some puissant prince or potentate, it may be, of the Church itself.

Wanton she is in her reckless, boundless lust of conquest, not delicate of selection, as even a Messalina might be, but robustious and all-devouring, as one of Smollett's trolls.

And yet I love her passing well.

How dearly I remember the hour of my seduction. Hardly more than a mere lad, I had yet maintained for years a Puritan's contempt for the riotous libertines who surrendered themselves to the strenuous sway of the Circean sorceress. Filled I had been with orthodox lies about the swinish transformations she wrought in her vic-

tims, polluting their bodies, enervating their wills, and depraving their souls till they should be fit for all the nameless lawlessness from which I held myself so scornfully aloof.

For it is unhappily true that even as her lovers love her, so do those hate her who have not tasted of her delights. And, as if in retribution for their folly, there comes upon these poor creatures a sort of madness, so that they rage and imagine vain things. Whereby it happens that they tell, and tell, one to another, grotesque fictions which they come to believe. And they utter these grievous fictions even to credulous youth, believing them only because they will believe anything against my Lady Nicotine. Whereas, God knows no worse need be said than I say, who speak the truth barely, and who do truly love her.

But I was not then as one who knoweth

good from evil, for I had not yet tasted the forbidden joy. For me there was Puritan asceticism on the one hand — the witchery of the world on the other. And I was still young. Witchery stood for sin. Pleasure, that had pleasure for its own sole excuse, was voluptuousness — a snare and a wile and a device of the Evil One with two capital letters; not the benevolent indulgence of an all-loving Father.

And the jade tempted me and I fell.

It was of a Sunday afternoon, a long summer day. Sick to desperation with *heimweh;* with nothing to read in the camp; scruple-bound too fast and too hard to join in the pursuit of the only game to be found at that hour of the day — draw-poker. I watched with empty and longing soul my comrades' calm content as they puffed their pipes, and dreamily traced the smoke wreaths lazily and gracefully floating upward.

Despite the wearisome longings of *heimweh*, despite the perils and discomforts of the lonely camp, the spell of the lotus-eaters was upon me. The old song rang with the subtle charm of unheard music to my inner ear:

"Death is the end of life. Ah! Why should life all labour be?"

Vague desire, tempered with dread, and struggling with growing might against the old Puritan principle of self-denial for self-denial's sake, kindled the flame that brought my Lady Nicotine to me, warm with her lascivious pleasing. The bashful, virgin lips on which she had not yet left the ineffaceable trace of her touch, were half-reluctantly, half-willingly parted. A few tremulous, hesitant gasps of doubting, fearsome yielding and I was hers.

Not for me was any sickening revulsion; I had no qualms of pain, scarcely a pang of regret. I was the predestined

slave of the common mistress of the multitude.

Since then, how she has comforted me! I have never wavered in my devotion — though, alas, I share her favours with unnumbered rivals. What measureless joy might be mine, I dare not imagine, could I but selfishly keep her all my own. Gargantua's most enormous thrill of gigantic ecstasy would seem a throb of pain beside the rapture of such magnificent, illimitable egoism. It is too great for even a dream. 'Twould be an eternal ecstasy.

Save for this wild fantasy of desire, however, born of a fancy as hopeless as it is iridescent, I can have no fault to find with my Lady Nicotine. She has never failed me, never refused me, never disappointed me. She has soothed me in trouble, eased me in pain, even calmed my racked nerves when my heart was wrung with sorrow. She is an indulgent mistress, jealous

of none, tender, and always sympathetic, even faithful in the sense that she is true to all her lovers.

Does she not deserve my praise?

DAVID A. CURTIS.

MINING MEERSCHAUM IN TURKEY

AT present there are four districts in Turkey in which any one who so desires may enter into the business of meerschaum mining simply by paying the Ottoman government the sum demanded for a license, namely, five piasters. These districts, as described by the *Révue Scientifique*, are Sari-Sou, Sepetdji, Geikli, and Menlon. The five thousand miners already engaged in this industry are Kurds and Persians, and all of them work according to the most primitive methods. The work is carried on night and day by means of petroleum lamps, the blocks of meerschaum

being brought to the surface still imbedded in their matrix. On the weekly sale day the workmen meet and sell their goods to the "luledjis," or pipe manufacturers of Eskichehir. The blocks are then taken to the town and washed, after which they are cut into suitable pieces while the matter is still very soft. Sorting and classing is then proceeded with, and the "luledjis" in their turn sell their purchases to the larger dealers, who export the meerschaum, carefully enveloped in cotton wadding. Meerschaum is composed of about 70 per cent. of carbonate of magnesia, 0.25 of silex, and 0.05 of aluminum.

A Cigar Helps Thought

Elihu Root thinks that a cigar after breakfast is the smoke of the day, and there are many smokers who will agree with him. He is reported as saying: "My

breakfast is a very simple meal, and consists of a cup of coffee or chocolate and a roll. When I have finished it, I light my cigar. I find that it assists me in my work. It does not aid me in the creation of ideas so much, nor in reading or actual writing; but when I want to prepare my plans for the day, when I want to arrange and put in shape the work I have before me, I find that smoking is a valuable assistant. I never smoke a large cigar in the morning, and usually do not prolong the smoke beyond the time it takes me to arrange my day's programme. Altogether I should say that I smoke five cigars a day. I have smoked steadily for the past thirty years, and during the first ten years I smoked a pipe. It has been my experience that smoking relieved me at any time when I felt overworked. Consequently, if I find at any time of day that my brain is getting tired, and that my ideas are getting

muddled, I stop and light a cigar. I don't think that smoking has a sedative effect upon me, but it composes my thoughts and soothes me to some extent."

A Better Man for Smoking

When the Bishop of Manchester lived in Melbourne, Victoria, his open-air study and smoking den was in his garden, under the shade of a giant blue-gum-tree. A lady visitor having once suggested that tobacco was of Satanic origin, Bishop Moorhouse replied: "Pardon me, madam, I smoke, and I am a better Christian for doing so. Do you read my letters in the papers?" The lady answered that she did, with pleasure. "Do you ever see anything discourteous or unkind in them?" "Certainly not; I often remark how well you keep your temper." "Well, madam, the first drafts of these letters contained

the most cutting things I could think of. Then I would go and sit on the butt of that old gum-tree, light my pipe and have a quiet smoke. After that I would return to the house and strike out every line that might give pain to others. So you see smoking makes me a better Christian."

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The Smoker's Paradise — Puffin Island.

ʊ ʊ ʊ

When your favourite cigar does not taste good, do not put it away for ever. *You* may not be in condition. Give it another trial. If its light burns low repeatedly, bury its ashes among the memories of dead friendships, and — try another brand.

Tobacco and the Heart

The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* gives the following interesting interview on the above subject: "I don't like to upset a cherished tradition," said a doctor who is himself a devotee of the weed, "but the talk one hears of nicotine saturating the system of smokers is mostly rot. Nicotine is a deadly poison. One drop of it will make a good-sized mastiff turn up his toes, if injected subcutaneously, and it would take precious little of it to kill a man. The truth is that very little is absorbed, even by the most confirmed smokers. Now and then you read of men who die from excessive tobacco using, and are found on autopsy to be literally reeking with nicotine. All rubbish. Nothing of the kind ever happened.

"Again, it's a favourite experiment to blow smoke through a handkerchief, and

the stain that is produced is popularly supposed to be made by nicotine. It is really oil of tobacco, which is a horse of quite a different colour. No, the chief harm done by smoking is the stimulus which it gives to the heart. This is particularly true where 'inhaling' is practised. Each time the smoke is inhaled it acts as a slight spur to the heart, and, needless to say, there is sure to be a reaction. If the smoker is in good general health, he will probably never feel it; but if he isn't, there will be periods of profound depression, and, not knowing the cause, he is apt to try to brace up on a drink, which makes matters just that much worse. If he has organic heart trouble — valvular weakness, I mean — it's quite possible that he will tumble over some day and put his angel plumage on. Those are the cold facts about smoking — none others are genuine."

To a young man who stood smoking a cigar the other day there approached the elderly and impertinent reformer of immemorial legend.

"How many cigars do you smoke a day?" asked the meddler.

"Three," answered the youth, as patiently as he could.

"How much do you pay for them?"

"Ten cents," confessed the young man.

"Don't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would save that money, by the time you are as old as I am you could own that big building over the way?"

"Do you own it?" inquired the smoker.

"No."

"Well, I do," said the young man.

It's an ill weed that nobody can smoke.

Went Away Satisfied

He had asked for a certain brand of cigars and was reaching in his pocket for a coin, when something near the window attracted his attention and caused him to look around. When he faced the cigar counter again, he saw the cigar girl do an awful thing. She had his cigar on her tongue and was pasting back the loose wrapper. When she saw him, she blushed and tried to stammer an apology.

"I prefer my cigars unlicked, if you please," said the young man, in icy tones.

She looked up and answered humbly and sweetly: "But I don't lick cigars for every one. Have you thought of it in that way?"

Evidently he hadn't, for he insisted on taking the repaired cigar, and went away with a smile of satisfaction. — *Kansas City Star.*

Grant's Cigars

"My father," said General Frederick D. Grant, "tried to smoke while at West Point, but only because it was against the regulations; and then he didn't succeed very well at it. He really got the habit from smoking light cigars and cigarettes during the Mexican war, but it wasn't a fixed habit. When he left the army and lived in the country, he smoked a pipe — not incessantly. I don't think that he was very fond of tobacco then, and really there was always a popular misconception of the amount of his smoking.

"But he went on as a light smoker, a casual smoker, until the day of the fall of Fort Donelson. Then, the gunboats having been worsted somewhat and Admiral Foote having been wounded, he sent ashore for my father to come and see him. Father went aboard, and the admiral, as

is customary, had his cigars passed. My father took one and was smoking it when he went ashore. There he was met by a staff officer, who told him that there was a sortie and the right wing had been struck and smashed in. Then my father started for the scenes of operations. He let his cigar go out, naturally, but held it between his fingers.

"He rode hither and yonder, giving orders and directions, still with the cigar stump in his hand. The result of his exertions was that Donelson fell after he sent his message of 'unconditional surrender' and 'I propose to move immediately upon your works.' The message was sent all over the country that Grant was smoking throughout the battle, when he only carried this stump from Foote's flag-ship. But the cigars began to come in from all over the Union. He had eleven thousand cigars on hand in a very short

time. He gave away all he could, but he was so surrounded with cigars that he got to smoking them regularly. But he never smoked as much as he seemed to smoke. He would light a cigar after breakfast and let it go out, then light it again, and then let it go out and light it; so that the one cigar would last until lunch-time." — *McClure's Magazine.*

The Briar-Root Industry

Mr. Carmichael, British Vice-Consul at Leghorn, devotes an interesting section of the report on his district for the past year to an account of the briar-root industry. The wood, he says, from which briar pipes are made is not the root of the briar rose, but the root of the large heath known in botany as the *Erica arborea.*

Our "briar" is but a corruption of the French *bruyère* — broom, or heath. The briar-root industry has had a somewhat curious history. First begun in the Pyrenees some fifty years ago, it travelled along the French Riviera and the Ligurian coast, taking Corsica by the way, to the Tuscan Maremma, and it has now reached Calabria in the south, which is at present its most flourishing centre. Naturally, when a district has been exhausted of all its roots, the industry must come to an end there, and the opinion has been expressed that the Italian branch of it cannot last much more than another ten years.

Leghorn has always been the centre of the export of Tuscan briar-root since the Maremma industry came into existence, but, as the South Italian briar is of superior quality, a large quantity of the Calabrian root is also imported into Leghorn for selection and subsequent export.

The total export from Leghorn is estimated at 50,000 cwt. per year, valued at about £28,000. Fully half the export is Calabrian root. All the root that arrives in Leghorn has already been cut on the spot into the shape in which it is exported to the pipe-manufacturing centres, which are principally, as regards Italian briar, St. Cloud, in France, Nuremberg, in Bavaria, and various towns in Rhenish Prussia and Thuringia. The roots, which are sometimes of a circumference of two feet or more, are cut into blocks and then boiled.

If there is any defect in the root which has not been discovered before the boiling process, the blocks will split sooner or later. Briar-root blocks are cut into about twenty-five different sizes and three principal shapes. The shapes are "Marseillaise," "releve," and "Belgian." The first two are the more usual shapes; from

the first are cut the ordinary briar pipes, which have bowl and stem at right angles; "releve" blocks are cut into a shape for hanging pipes, and "Belgian" blocks, for which there is but small demand, are shaped to fashion into pipes which have bowl and stem at an obtuse angle. The minimum size of "Marseillaise" blocks is about three inches long, two inches thick, and one and a half inches broad.

The Calabrian blocks, selected at Leghorn and exported thence, seem to be in favour with the trade, as they remain so long on the dealer's hands that they would be almost certain to split before export if they were defective. A Leghorn dealer who does his own cutting in Calabria has first to send the roots by wagon to his workshops, where they are boiled and cut, thence again by wagon to the seacoast, where they are placed in lighters for shipment to Leghorn. At Leghorn they are

once more transferred to lighters and placed in carts for transport to the warehouses, where they are unpacked for selection. They are then repacked in bales and carted to the goods station for conveyance abroad. Hence a considerable amount of time must elapse before they leave the hands of a merchant who does his own cutting in Calabria. A considerable number of blocks are sent to the United States, but, apparently, none whatever to the United Kingdom.

Cigarettes in Chinatown

"It is my belief," said an old resident of New York, "that the Chinese were the first to smoke cigarettes in this part of the country. I remember the first Chinamen who came to New York, some fifty odd years ago. They were the curiosities of the day, and with other small boys I

followed them about the streets in open-mouthed wonder. They wore the long flowing robes which have characterized the garments of the race for three thousand years, and the shining silk, queer felt shoes, and long, dangling queues were marvellous to the American beholders. They carried fans in their hands, and whenever the sun shone too strongly they slapped them open, as they do on the comic-opera stage, and shielded their faces, but never used them to create cooler air while in the street. But it was the cigarette innovation that struck us with most awe. None of the Chinamen was engaged in the laundry business as now, and the sale of tobacco — the strong Chinese variety, which resembles our Louisiana Perique — and cigarettes seemed to form their sole occupation. They kept little stands on the street corners, and

there they would stand and roll cigarettes all day long, and smoke and puff them and blow the smoke through their nostrils, and make rings and go through all the tricks of the fancy smoker until they had gotten the more daring to purchase their wares. After that it became a fad, and the dandy of the day was the one who could sport his eye-glass, rattan cane, pointed shoes, and Chinese cigarette to effect the greatest show. I won't say that it did not make a great many of the gentlemen of fashion very sick. They could smoke cigars, but the cigarette habit was a novelty then, and the veteran of to-day who consumes half a dozen packages in twenty-four hours would laugh at the amount of coughing and expectorating and uneasiness caused by the consumption of one of the slender articles brought over by our heathen friends."

A Dry Smoke

Every evening the 5.10 o'clock train to Chestnut Hill from the Reading terminal carries a young lawyer to his suburban home. He always takes a seat in the smoking-car, and, pulling a cigar from his waistcoat pocket, carefully cuts off the end and places it in his mouth. Then he sits and reads his paper. Sometimes the man sharing the seat with him will offer a match or a light from his own cigar, but it is invariably declined. "When are you going to light that cigar?" asked one of his fellow suburbanites the other evening. "I don't know; possibly never," was the reply. "You see, I have heart trouble, and the doctor forbids me to smoke. It's been over five years now since I've had a lighted cigar in my mouth. But I love the odour of a cigar, and that's why I always ride in the smok-

ing-car and indulge in a dry smoke myself. I always like to have a cigar in my mouth, and I use up a good many of them that way. I used to smoke from twenty to twenty-five cigars a day." — *Philadelphia Record.*

Tobacco in War

The war in South Africa has taught many things of greater and of less importance. Perhaps nothing that it has demonstrated has been more marked than the important part which tobacco plays in the soldier's existence. Whether this is to be reckoned as a great fact or a small one, there can be no doubt about the truth of it. Yet the Duke of Wellington's armies had no tobacco worth speaking of. If they did not forbid its use, at any rate the Iron Duke's officers were directed to advise their men strongly against it.

What a curious contrast with the campaigning in South Africa, where marches and privations as long and as stern as any suffered by our great-grandfathers were borne by the volunteers and soldiers of to-day, with a grumble only when their "smokes" failed them.

We have it from many who took part in the forced marches leading to Paardeberg, to Bloemfontein, to Pretoria, and beyond, that when rations were but two or three biscuits a day, the only real physical content of each twenty-four hours came with the pipe smoked by the smouldering embers of a camp-fire. This pipe eased the way to sleep that might otherwise have lingered, delayed by the sheer bodily fatigue and mental restlessness caused by prolonged and monotonous exertion. It is difficult, then, to believe that tobacco is anything but a real help to men who are suffering long labours and

receiving little food, and probably the way in which it helps is by quieting cerebration — for no one doubts its sedative qualities — and thus allowing more easily sleep, which is so all-important when semi-starvation has to be endured.

The cases of acute mental derangement in the course of campaigns such as the present are many. There have indeed been many in South Africa. It would be most profitable and interesting could medical officers have taken special note of the capacity for sleep previously evidenced by those who broke down and also of their indulgence or non-indulgence in tobacco. We are inclined to believe that, used with due moderation, tobacco is of value second only to food itself when long privations and exertions are to be endured.

Two features are to be noted with regard to the smoking practised in active service. It is almost entirely in the open

air and it is largely on an empty stomach. The former is always an advantage; the latter we generally reckon a most unfavourable condition. Shall we see in the near future patients with tobacco amblyopia or smoker's heart, acquired while the trusting friend of tobacco thought that he was enjoying unharmed the well-earned solace of a hard day's march? We believe not, and that the open air will have saved what might have been the untoward results of smoking when unfed. — *London Lancet.*

He is a poor moke who can't smoke.

The older the pipe the sweeter the perfume. Like old friends who have been tried by fire and never "smoked out" — stronger, more fragrant, more mellow.

"Nobody comes whose talk is half as good to me as silence. I fly out of the way of everybody, and would much rather smoke a pipe of wholesome tobacco than talk to any one in London just now. Nay, their talk is often rather an offence to me, and I murmur to myself, — why open one's lips for such a purpose." Poor Carlyle! tobacco was about the only thing in which he took comfort.

What the Man with the Briarwood Says

When we see womankind taking tobacco in the privacy of its own chamber, with its feet on the fender, and "none to supervise;" more particularly when we see it solacing itself with a pipe, then, but not till then, shall we be forced to admit

"the sex" to the privilege of full equality with us — a state of things which masculine prejudice still considers must be the highest circumstance of earthly bliss.

It is but a poor, shallow devotion to tobacco that is content with anything but a pipe. The cigarette is well enough in its way; it may suffice "between the acts," or during similar brief escapes from a smokeless world, or for offering to our friends and neighbours as the best modern substitute for the elaborate civility of the snuff-box, but it rises not to the dignity of serious smoking. The cigar, too, with all its charms, leaves something to be desired. It is too ostentatious, too obviously a "luxury" to be really delightful. It satisfies not; for somehow, far away, is the Ideal cigar, not to be purchased by ordinary mortals, and yet, according to the connoisseur, the only cigar worth smoking. It has, too, an overwhelming sug-

gestion of respectability, of sparing no expense and always travelling first-class, of faring sumptuously every day, of wearing a very good hat all the week through, and a still better one on Sunday. It should be reserved for special occasions; for ordinary, every-day consumption there is nothing that can approach the familiar pipe.

There are pipes and pipes. Archaic persons are still to be found who declare for the churchwarden. There is, it is true, something fascinating in its —

> "Lip of wax and eye of fire,
> And its snowy taper waist
> With my fingers gently braced!"

something also marvellously impressive in its proper manipulation by one who is a master of the art, but this is within the reach of few. It needs its proper sur-

roundings — a blazing fire, a sanded floor, a group of comfortable and, if possible, capacious gentleman with a strong tendency to silence and punch; none of which are prominent characteristics of modern society. The present-day smoker of the churchwarden is something of a poseur, as a rule; he is very young; eccentricities in pipes are the privilege of the young, being designed to impress those who are still younger. And then, when it has been successfully coloured, the labour of months is apt to be destroyed by the implacable housemaid. The old-fashioned smoker was less susceptible to the sorrow of such a calamity as this; he was content to call, like Sir Roger de Coverley, for a "clean pipe," and apparently cared not for the vanities of colouring. His pipe was but the fortuitous companion of an evening, wedded to him by no enduring ties, "called for" at his coffee-house as though it was

merely a toothpick, to be used but once and then cast away. But now we desire a more permanent alliance, and so the day of the churchwarden is past, and even its humbler relation, the short clay, having the family failing of brittleness, is disappearing.

There are devotees of the meerschaum; but it is not every one who will undertake such a responsibility. Its humours and its delicacy become oppressive; it is not to be touched with the hand or smoked out-of-doors, nor too near the fire; nor to be knocked out, or otherwise roughly treated; nor smoked too fast or too slow. And then, with all our care, we find some happy-go-lucky individual, apparently the especial favourite of the Goddess of the Weed, who does all these forbidden things, and still gets his pipe to a state of perfection which the more painstaking person attains but in his dreams. There is something distinctly irrational in a meerschaum pipe;

we may wax it, plug it, humour it in every possible way, and yet it will not go right; and then, when we set at defiance all the canons that the collected wisdom of meerschaum smokers has formed, it will assume such colour and brilliancy as to be the marvel of all beholders. One is tempted to doubt whether the law of casualty applies to meerschaum. They have their charms; they may gratify the æsthetic sense with eagles' claws and negroes' heads and skulls and other delightful and fantastic figures; and when brought to perfection may inspire legitimate pride; but they demand too much of sacrifice and tender treatment. Doubtless they are good masters, but they are bad servants; it is not every one who will submit to their exactions.

In the modest briar there is less potentiality of splendour; but still it has graces enough to win for itself the adherence of

the great bulk of those who profess the cult of the pipe. There are some, indeed, who have no eyes for its idiosyncrasies, and, being severely utilitarian, think all pipes alike. But the connoisseur in briars is a nice and subtle critic. The selection of a new pipe he considers a serious matter. He will tolerate nothing but his favourite grain; he can foresee the possibilities of colour and potash; is not deceived by meretricious pluggings and varnishing; and his pipes gleam and glitter in the firelight like newly shelled horse-chestnuts. It is a thankless thing to present him with a pipe; indeed, the presentation of smoking implements generally is a perilous practice for the unwary, and one which only feminine ignorance will, as a rule, attempt. The pipe of that class described as "suitable for presents" is a frightful trap for the well-intentioned; in silver fittings and plush-lined cases it is indeed

resplendent, but it will move the initiate in the cult almost to tears. It is disfigured by all sorts of horrible improvements; has, as a rule, patent sanitary arrangements of the most complex and unnecessary nature; things which the seasoned smoker cannot tolerate. The choice of a pipe is a thing to be left to the expert; and for him to delegate the office is the highest mark of confidence he can bestow. — *London Globe.*

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Sentimentalists have frequently bewailed the passing of the noble redman. They say that he is disappearing with the other denizens of the once free and trackless plains. Civilization is wiping them all out. The buffalo has vanished before the furbelow, and where the wild antelope once roamed, the tame cantaloupe now thrives. In a few years hence there will

be no more aborigines except on football teams and in Wild West shows. It is very sad.

But, strange to say, nobody has seemed to notice that the wooden Indian is also becoming extinct. Time was when wooden Indians were as plentiful as pledges before a primary. In those halcyon days a tobacco store without a painted warrior extending a bundle of cigars in one hand and brandishing a hatchet in the other was as incomplete as "Hamlet" minus the Melancholy Dane. At present New Orleans might be scoured from end to end without discovering enough wooden Indians to make the head set at a ghost dance. As a matter of fact there is only one genuine, old-time wooden Indian left in the entire city. He is the last of the Mohicans. There are a few others, but they are fake Indians made of terra cotta. They are not the real stuff.

This singular discovery was made in a singular manner. Ever since Tammany Hall, in New York city, acquired national prominence, Indian names and titles have been popular among local Democratic organizations. New Orleans, for example, has its Choctaw Club, and elsewhere such tribal appellations as Wyandotte, Cherokee, Arapahoe, Navahoe, and even Blackfoot have distinguished the societies of the faithful. Among the many Southern clubs which have followed this picturesque and pleasant custom is that of Donaldsonville, La. It calls itself "The Mohawk."

When the name was determined upon, not long ago, the officers of the organization were seized with a happy inspiration, namely, to secure a large and robust wooden Indian and station him as a sentry in the vestibule. Such an effigy, as they very sensibly argued, would not only form a neat and appropriate emblem of the

order of Donaldsonville Mohawks, but would lend dignity and impressiveness to the outer portals and scare away any boozy wanderer who might seek to penetrate the inner secrets. It would be easy, they felt assured, to remove the bunch of cigars from the chieftain's right hand and substitute a ballot-box or a copy of the club's charter.

Nobody dreamed that there would be the slightest difficulty in securing a suitable Indian in a city the size of New Orleans, and a commission to that effect was promptly forwarded to a trusted friend who stands high in the counsels of the local Choctaws.

"Purchase for us immediately," it ran in substance, "one full-grown wooden Indian of good moral character, and send per earliest freight, accompanied by draft and bill of lading. P. S. — Do not send us any cast-iron or crockery Indians. Cut

a splinter off of him before closing trade and see that he is sure enough wood."

The gentleman who undertook this interesting and delicate mission had a vague idea that he could encounter a wooden Indian on almost any corner in the business district. What, therefore, was his amazement to learn that wooden Indians had long since disappeared from the haunts of commerce.

"You might as well look for a plesiosaurus in Lake Pontchartrain," said a scientific friend. "The wooden Indian has become entirely extinct."

However, after a long and patient search, one lone survivor was discovered. He was found guarding the entrance of a tobacco store on Camp Street, and it needed no second glance to determine that he was a relic from the remote and legendary past. In spite of fresh war paint and varnish, he carried abundant evidences of

antiquity. His Roman nose was fractured from some forgotten fall, his legs were scarred by the pocket-knives of vandals innumerable, his left arm was evidently a restoration, and from scalp-lock to moccasin his weather-beaten frame bore heavy traces of the touch of time.

His origin is enveloped in mystery, but according to tradition he has stood at his present post for more than forty years. Historical personages are said to have reclined against his breast when overcome by fatigue on their way home from lodge; there are even stories — but let that pass. Suffice it to say he is a landmark — a redman with a record.

Nor has he figured before the public solely in the character of a curbstone sentry. On more than one occasion he has been borrowed to lend realism to a sidewalk setting on the stage. His last appearance in that capacity was when he enacted the

rôle of a cigar sign in the comedy of "McFadden's Flats" at the Tulane Theatre. It was thought by many that he was the best actor in the cast.

But to resume the thread of the story: Overjoyed at the discovery of so unmistakable an antique, the representative of the Donaldsonville Mohawks lost no time in interviewing the present proprietors. His proposition was received coldly, almost with indignation. Part with the only adult wooden Indian in New Orleans! Rob the city of a statue older and uglier than Henry Clay! Oddsblood! Perish the thought! The offer was turned down, also spurned.

But the Donaldsonville Mohawks were not so easily thwarted. When advised of the situation, their yearning for a wooden Indian was, if anything, redoubled. The braves and sachems laid their heads to-

gether and wrote their agent to make another and more tempting bid. This has been done, and whether the second proposition will fare better than the first remains to be seen. The figure is alluring, but, if accepted, New Orleans will be without a wooden Indian to its name. That is to say, without a full-grown wooden Indian. There are others, as already stated, but they are either pigmies in stature or counterfeits in material. Moreover, the art of making wooden Indians is lost. So far as can be learned, there is nobody at present in the business. It has passed into desuetude with the carving of figureheads for ships.

The only other old-time wooden effigy of heroic size now in New Orleans is the ancient admiral who has squinted through a sextant at upper Canal Street ever since the year of grace 1856. He was made in

London, and belongs to the tribe beloved of Captain Cuttle. — *New Orleans Democrat.*

THE END.

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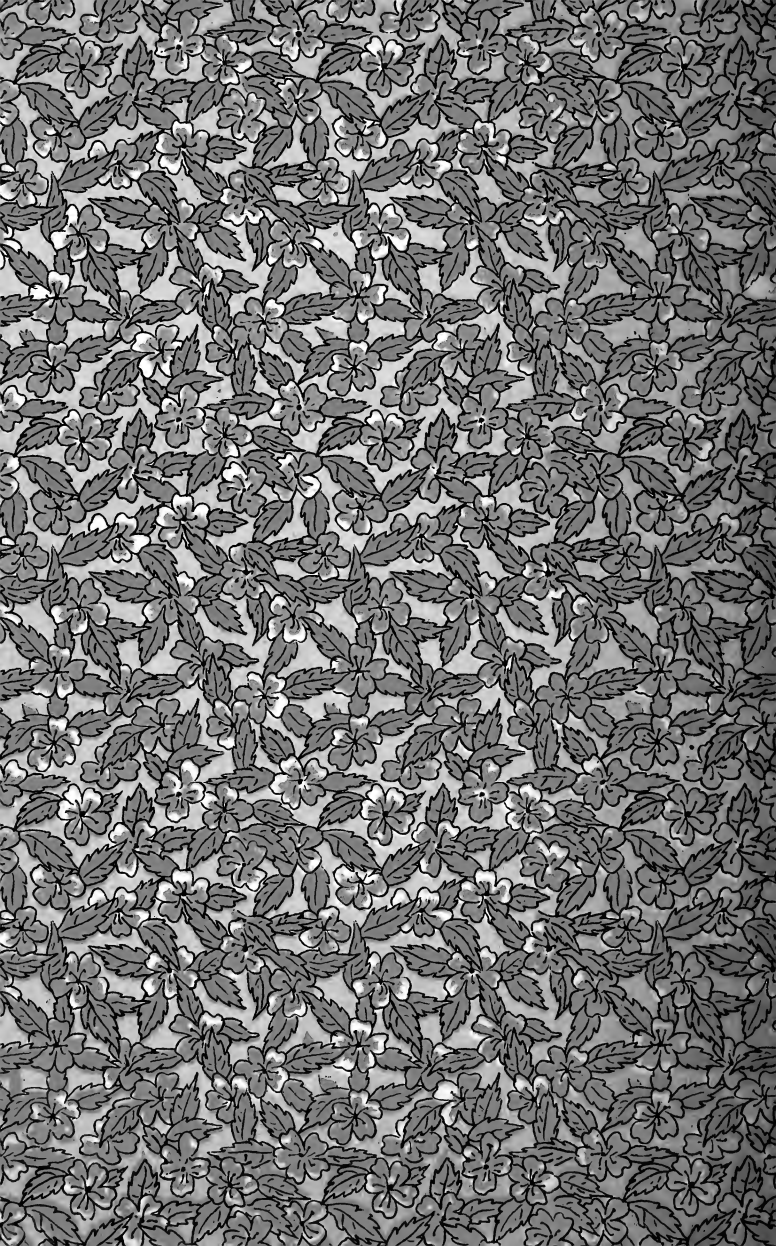

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